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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

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CHAPTER III.

THE BARD'S DAUGHTER.

We now beg leave to take our readers to a venerable mansion situated not far from the palace of St. James, an old-fashioned quarter of London in which still remained a few of the ancient nobility, finally and proudly dwelling in the old-time houses in which their ancestors of the time of Harry the VIIIth made their homes. The mansion is of stone gray and age-worn, and the style of the broad low facade is that of massive gothic order, which gives to a private residence something the air of a castle. An earl's coronet above the chief entrance showed that it was the abode of a peer of the realm.

It is the abode of the Earl of Compstere and his daughter, Lady Isabel, the wife and mother having been for three years moldering in the family mausoleum in the church crypt of Compstere-ford, the original seat of the lord of Ingle, situated not far from London, southwestly.

It was from this aristocratic abode the earl departed on the evening of the opening of our first chapter, to go to the gaming saloon for the purpose of accepting the gambling challenge of Sir Frank Vessey.

We will now house which he leaves ere the old footman slowly closes the door, and proceed to the rear room on the first floor. We pass through a noble old parlor, filled with the splendid relics of a long line of warriors and statesmen—a noble-looking race, as seen by the dim light of two wax candles, held each in the hand of a bronzed statue, standing in niches at the foot of a grand staircase—so broad and shelter in the angle of second that a knight on horseback might mount with easy gallop to the upper floor—so winding as to mask strong, wine-filled cavalier once did in the revelling days of the merry monarch, whose carefree "second" devious only of out-doing in wild prankings," says a contemporary writer, "the wild prankings of their wanton master."

This hall, so venerable, grave and stately, terminated in the end farthest from the main entrance in a door of dark oak, above which were suspended, arranged in various devices, a coat of mail, helmet and cuirass, sword and spear, all of the glory of former days. That door was open, displaying it with the respectful hesitation becoming a stranger who feels himself an intruder, yet confiding in the guidance of a host who has given permission that "open census" which no door can be proud to guard, if they choose to open it to their readers.) you advance, dear reader, with assurance and increasing curiosity. The apartment is a dark wainscoted place, the moldings relieved with burnished gold. The hangings of the tall windows are of the heaviest and richest silk, woven with gold curiously interwoven, producing a gorgeous effect. The furniture was partly adapted to a library, and partly to a salon sumptuous, where one could lounge and talk for hours. The mantel-piece—or—tastefull combination of the massive burnishing of Queen Anne's days, and the light and elegant creations of modern taste.

The floor was marble laid in mosaic, and covered here and there with rich carpets of the richest Persian dyes, leaving the polished pavement to appear here and there, the groundwork being purple of only before chairs, lounges and tables, to protect temporarily the foot.

The sun had already set, and darkness and fog, as we have before described, hung over London, and through the increasing shadows of the room in the herd of this house now making his way to his storeroom in the "Hall" where we have seen him stripped of all his fortune honestly outwon upon a single throw of a card! With him, however, we have done for the present. It is our purpose now to second to our readers his daughter, Isabel, and for his purpose have entered the room and presented to this apartment. By the light of a silver Pompadour lamp, with four candles blended in perfumed oil of olive, we have seen what we have just described; and the same light feebly reflident upon the person of the earl's daughter.

She is slowly pacing the floor, her graceful head bent slightly forward, her hands clasped and thoughtfully upon her beautiful lip; her large expressive and now meditative eyes, (full and soulful in their outline as an American fawn's,) fixed upon the marble floor, while a shade of sadness rests upon her fair brow; like the shadow cast upon an April cloud, ere yet it empties its rain, upon the lake beneath it.

She was a little above the medium height, perhaps almost taller than the Medicean Venus, with the superb and lovely shoulder lines and Dian-like fulness of the figure which sculptors dream of, but seldom find in life, so perfectly developed. Her step was free and light, her air easy and graceful as the gliding of a swan over the surface of the undulatory wave, and, all in all, she was the charming ideal of a perfectly beautiful maiden just blooming into the delicious ripeness of a beautiful woman.

Her dark brown, not regularly arched, but shaped like an nurturing bow, lent intelligence and thought to the dark hazel orbs, out of which her pure soul looked in beauty and love. Her face, more brunette in its soft, shadowy tone than blithdin, was now pale with some weight upon her mind, which also caused her to walk to and fro, restless and meditating.

THE ARISTOCRATIC ASSASSIN PULLED.

Suddenly she paused, as if startled, as a door opened, and a young woman entered, dressed in black velvet basque, *a la Rhyndeer*, adorned down the front with knots of blue ribbon, a pretty coquettish collar about her snow-white neck, and a rich velvet skirt, not longer than one's instep—not ruffled jauntily, upon her head. A neat, embroidered figure, very slender and sparkling blue eyes, small feet, and plump little hands, were well set off, as the wearer intended they should be, by this tasteful costume.

"Mistress Isabel, did you call?"

"Has my father gone out?"

"Yes, my lady. His lordship bid me say he would not be home to-night."

"What can have come over my poor father?" she said, unheard by her maid. "He has not been himself for some days; and to-day has not only refused an entrance to his room, where I went shiver fearing he was ill, but now he leaves and bids my maid convey the message to me that he will not be in again to-night. I fear some great sorrow weighs upon his soul. Bettie."

"My lady?"

"How looked he?"

"Gloomy as a sexton, Mistress Isabel."

"Silence! Give not so rude a name to your speech in speaking of my lord."

"I didn't mean to be pert, my lady," answered Bettie, demurely; and then to herself, "My lord is plain as ever on call, and my lady is getting as grave and sad as a Methodist. I do wonder what is the matter? A great lady, with two lovers, ought to be happy, white poor little me, with one, am tetuful of delight, and feel like singing all day long."

"Bettie, if Lord Harry Neagle calls to-night he must not be admitted. It was to give you this order I rung for you."

"No, my lady?" and the femme de chambre opened wide her round blue eyes with great wonder.

"No."

"Why I thought, my lady, he was to be married to you, and——"

"——! So not so ready with your thoughts, child. Whatever this young nobleman may have been to me, I see him no more."

"Dear me! He will break his heart, or be sure and blow out his brains! Such a pretty gentleman—and so fine a smile, and such teeth! and then he never can be but he gives me a crown; and——"

"That will do, Bettie," said her fair mistress, smiling. "You understand what I have ordered. I must not be admitted."

"Yes, mistress—yes, my lady. What has come over her I wonder?" she continued, in a half tone, and pettishly. "To dismiss such a lover! I know she what next! Sir Villiers will have to go, I suppose. There's no accounting for great belles ways. Now here, I poor little Bettie Parsons, only an humble-eyed daughter, have one also lover as over has had, and to send him packing—and as for buttons when he comes here next Sunday night to church, would break both our hearts—now I'm sure! I bless my stars I'm not a lady to hold lovers as cheap. I'm afraid Lord Harry has been getting too wild, and she has heard about his being so dissipated."

"Bettie, what are you thinking about?"

"Me? Nothing, my lady! I was only wondering if I should be Sir Villiers' lady some day."

The maiden's pale and beautiful face grew richly crimson, and the generous blood of her startled heart streamed over the snowy surface in that hue. She stepped full in her walk, and said, fixing her eyes on her maid—

"Why did you name him, girl? He does not call here often."

"He might call, your ladyship."

"If he does, I have no excuse for refusing to see my dead brother's friend. Some one is now at the street door. It is a double knock, and I fear it is Lord Neagle."

"What shall I say?" asked the maid, with her eyes on the hall-door.

"Tell William she foolish that he must make some excuse for me if it be so," cannot see him" answered Lady Isabel, turning pale.

"He shall be sent about his business, if your ladyship says so," answered Bettie, as she left the room. When reaching the hall door it was already open, and she saw the powers of Lord Harry Neagle standing within, in the act of giving his card to William.

"Yes cannot come in, my lord," said the little maid, retreating towards them. "*My lady has forbid me to let you come in.*"

"But Miss Isabel," answered the nobleman, the same whom we a few hours afterwards we enter the tap-room of "The Sack," and embark upon the fierce with the mercenary captain. As he spoke he tapped her on the cheek with his glove, and smiling through a face deadly pale with the sudden anger this message roused, he added, "Go and tell Lady Isabel that I cannot leave without an interview with her."

"I dare not, my lord! She is in earnest; and when my mistress puts her foot down, she wouldn't move it for the duke himself."

"Enough, enough, I know that well," said the nobleman, in an undertone. "But, Bettie, I will not obey your mistress. I must bribe you a little. Take this guinea—and disappear! When there are two guineas—do not attempt to oppose me! I must see Lady Isabel. It is for more than life."

Bettie—who, with an eye to her future marriage, never refused gold, and was taking a nice little nest with the coin given her from time to time—disappeared promptly, with a shy look at the young nobleman, who at once walked forward along the hall, while the footman, confounded at his boldness, and not wishing to give back the gold, yet fearing the consequences of letting him see his utterance, dared contempt without daring, now before now behind, his hands spiffled, and his face crimson with rage and his many stage-whisper:

"Don't, my Lord—don't, my Lord! It'll be as much as my place is worth!"

His remonstrance, and, opening the door of the room, cried out, actually uttering Lord Neagle name—

"He would come in, my Lady! I tried to——"

"He would come—"

But this interrogation of surprise was interrupted by seeing the audacious young nobleman standing by her side.

"What means this bold and unmanly intrusion, Lord Neagle?" demanded her dark eye flashing with indignation, before the light of which the nobleman's own flight, leaving the two standing confronting one another. Lord Neagle did not sweep from his footsteps; but with a graceful air of deprecating humility and respect, answered, in his most insinuating lips, awaited to hear all she had to say.

"The visit, sir, itself is an insult to me after your parting on Wednesday night in this room. How, then, shall I excuse you for your want of respectful conduct?"

Lady Isabel bowed as if he waited to hear more and was ready to hear patiently all she had to say. This manner angered and displeased her. She turned haughtily away, as if about to leave the room, the indignation rendering her beauty singularly striking and commanding.

"Lady Isabel, your anger is becoming," he said, with that most provoking calmness. "I am fortunate to be the instrument of developing your beauty in its most charming phase. I have heard angry angels are splendid creatures, and so are beautiful angry women."

"My Lord," said, a tremulous and wounded voice—"from you—!"

"Lady Isabel!" tenderly, and kneeling before her, "forgive me! Tears!—then am I a monster!"

"Tears of anger—of shame, that I have hitherto so far given thee my love—that now you have the power, with the wicked heart, to mock me!"

"Yes, Lady Isabel, you once did give me your heart;" he said, with looks of deep emotion and sorrow in his fine eyes, "and my heart was at the earth globe circling around yours in central sun, receiving from its warm light and warmth; now my heart is all night. You have withdrawn your sun from me."

"Stand up, my Lord—do not kneel to me! Of the past speak not. We were young. Let there be no more speech between us. I withdraw from a republic of the fearful now of loathing. Go!"

"Not until you hear me!" said the nobleman, rising to his feet, and folding his arms across his breast, and cast upon the face, the cold—cold the gaze he had cast upon her. She betrayed fear, and her pride expressed a desire to fly. Half in a flying half in a listening attitude, her hands clasped over her heart, she bent her head to hear his words.

"The scenes of last Wednesday night will not be repeated, Lady Isabel. I have come hither to right the injured one—to demand—my, and demand, but to ask for a reversal of sentence. I love you still with unchanging passion! Your image is engraven, with lines that death cannot obliterate, upon my heart of flesh. In eternity I shall love you!"

"Enough, my—my lord!"

"Hear me! When the guilty misfortune is about to expiate his dark crime upon the gallows, the clemency of stern justice gives his leave to be heard from the scaffold. This privilege, condemned by the law, I shall claim, and you must hear my defence. Three years ago, with my gun upon my shoulder, I met you wandering astray from your friends, in a wild glen of Loch Lomond, and guided you, almost believing you to be an angel fallen down from Paradise, to that shepherd's cot, which we with difficulty reached by night-fall. There all night long I watch over you, as you slept from very weariness. The next morning I placed you again in the hands of your rejoicing father and friends, convinced, quite despite into joy, that when you pressed my brow, Isabel, and thanked me with tears glittering in your eyes, I felt that that soft hand must be mine forever more."

"That is past, my lord!" This was said with emotion, struggling to be firm and cold, but unsuccessfully.

The maiden's bosom heaved like a panting and alarmed pigeon's, and her blood rose and fell in the expressive thermometer of her face, as her heart warmed or cooled towards him. It was evident that, when she would rather not have done so, did listen half-pleased—half displeased. She was angry at his going on—but she would have been more offended if he had ceased to speak.

"All past—true it is, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," he continued, with a slight tone of reproach, yet keeping the same cold, calm gaze upon her. "That night I watched over you, and by the bright moonbeam beheld your face lighted up with a joyous mysterious glory; my heart went out to yours, and to fall here, gave out to yours for the love it craved. But, it is past! Years we loved! Thy noble father withheld not his consent to our betrothal, and our year ago we pledged our hearts with a vow never to be broken. In the presence of the blessed angels, whose life is love, in the sight of the holy stars, bright home of love, by the light of the love moon, the bond of love, the cord of eternal truth ere to the other! Alas! how is that vow kept by you, Isabel?"

"My lord, I can hear no more! You know my decision. You know my reasons for wishing our acquaintance should terminate. Whatsoever has been cannot affect the present! That leaf must be torn out and destroyed."

"Lady Isabel, *do not* go, one word! I know well your reasons. You found that I had lost my fortune by gaming—that I have killed a man in France in a duel—that I have wronged a young girl, daughter of a country parson! Hear me, Lady Isabel! I have lost by gaming I have regained by gaining. As to my duel, it was a just one——"

"I hear not."

"I swear it was; and if a lover is to be rejected for a duello, assiduous would fare ill who seek marriage. The earl, your father, did not condemn me. As for the silly girl——"

"Enough, my lord; you cannot acquit yourself. I do not like your character. I loved you, believing you, and when you really were, perhaps, pure and true. But, with my eyes open, my heart closed! I cannot unite myself with, and commit my happiness to, a duellist—a gamester! Hate you I do not. I only pity you. Good night, my lord! Now, that we perfectly comprehend each other, you can have no excuse for intruding your presence again upon me. If you feel wronged, think of my own suffering—think of my shame, anguish, and deeply-wounded heart, when I discovered that the man I looked up to as to a demi-god, whose love stood almost between me and my love to my Maker, was a duellist and a libertine—think of the injury inflicted upon me, and blame not your own!"

This speaking with feeling and emotion, the Lady Isabel was about to leave the apartment, when the nobleman sprang forward and was seized her by the arm, and with the other hand held above her bosom a glittering stiletto.

"Haughty and proud girl! if you disdain me thus, you shall never be the bosom lover of any other man!" His eyes flashed with the glittering light of resolved revenge. His grasp upon her hair, white arm, was that of a maniac. The hand which held the dagger was ready to obey the will with instinctive force. He saw that he meant to death, and with an imploring tone, she said—

"Do not slay me—oh, do not kill me, my lord!"

"Swear, then, to become my wife!"

"Never—I would rather die!"

"Then die!"

The shining steel was instantaneously descending to bury itself in her bosom, when she uttered a shriek of joy, and the uprooted arm of the maniac was grasped by a hand as strong as the grasp his own heart oppos

only as one of the most chivalrous gentlemen of England, but as one of the bravest soldiers in the East Indian army, who, in the Sind, had won the most brilliant military laurels with his own bright sword. He would have spoken as he replied, but the eye of the barefaced knot him steered and he a wolf steals away when he perceives the lion, so, put away out of the room and out of the house the defeated, enraged, vindictive nobleman, grasping his sword as he hurried from Holland, but armed with a man whom the proudest Sultan in England called upon, and who evidently had the power and authority with which whatever he would condescend to wear.

As Lord Neagle passed out, William was just closing the door.

"Light, villain!" he cried, striking him with his clenched hand in the mouth. "To your carelessness is not closing the door I owe this disgrace!"

"Indeed—I forgot—my lord—I—"

The infuriated young man did not wait to hear the old man's defense from his bleeding lips, but hurling the lamp, opened into a hackney coach which awaited him at the corner, and was driven furiously away, at the risk of being overturned or dashed to pieces in the dense, foggy obscurity of the night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD DOG-BAG.

The hackney-coach, after passing along several streets, turned short into a crooked thoroughfare, into which had several of the narrow lanes that thread the wretched purlieus in the rear of Westminster Abbey—the Sanctuary. Here the driver moved slowly over the most wretched and wicked quarter of London.

At the entrance of one of those lanes, called Guy Faukes' Alley—from the tradition that he once lived in it—the driver left the hackney-coach, and, paying the man his fare, he stood until he was entirely out of sight and hearing, and then wrapping his cloak about the lower portion of his face, he walked so rapidly down the alley as the darkness would permit. Only here and there a dim lamp gave uncertain light to the way; and at last was a filament thrown from the window of some vile shop aided his progress.

At length he came to the corner of a court, or cul-de-sac, shut up at the lower end by the high wall of an ancient garden—shut up since the plague had filled it to repletion.

"Faugh! what vile dens rogues select to dwell in!" he said, with an involuntary shudder at the smells which filled the unaccuse air. "But if robbers will have such convenient retreats, why they must needs ask them out—close they the beetles of badges to their trade! I will wait to the corner. The direction was clear, and I will fasten it in my mind. But one must be ready here! Thank Heaven I have my pistols! My sticks I have left. Accursed dagger that failed to revenge me! and those accursed the hand that arrested mine! Sir Villiers Courtney has a life and death account to settle with me as soon as his lordship shall have given me the leisure! She'll find another lover in him, I doubt not! Perhaps I had best delay? he ironically continued, talking with himself as he moved down the cul-de-sac, with his hand upon the pistol, "until she is deeply in love, and strike to her heart while I strike at him! Oh, here is the church-yard wall. The last door on the left. This is the house, with the second story overhanging the wall. Now, Harry Neagle, have thy wits about thee! Let not a false dame make thy hand tremble, or behind thy wine?"

As he spoke he ascended three stone steps, were hollow in the middle with the feet of many generations. A sort of balcony overhung the door, and had "No-one" in very deep shadow. By feeling, he found an iron knocker, and, raising it, struck it smartly. The sound reverberated. There was a footstep heard within, and shadow and bolts were rattled, and then a small wicket opened in the door wide enough to expose obscurely the face of a person on the inner side.

"What do you want?" asked the mouth in the face.

"Lord Neagle would like to see Mr. Hinchcliff, with a matter of life and death connected with the thing, my lord," let the way back. The young man was greatly relieved to see the wicket in the outer door, which Hinchcliff did not open before he had slid back the bitted, and then unbolted the door to the opening, and bowed carefully up the cul-de-sac.

"Coast clear, my lord! At the corner of Thames and Queen's, at quarter to twelve."

"Yes!"

"I will be there."

"But, my lord, you've forgotten the boun to pay for the ticket."

"Yes. It was ten guineas. Here they are. There, beside the hackney-coach. Good-evening to work, will secure you that I am at least in earnest, and shall not fail to be engagement."

"If you do, you lose the five hundred and fifty dollars, that is all, and I can find some other one who will at least not fail me."

"I have too much need of gold to lose this trifle, or refuse to pay it, when I am sure of the service it is successful. Confound you skeleton! My blood runs cold at this encounter!"

The two men, after a few words of conversation more, parted, the one to make his way, as rapidly as he could, out of a neighborhood full of peril to any well-dressed person, the other to re-enter his den. As he locked the door, he muttered:

"I knew he would not fail to come. He is too hard up, like many other young fops, who have borrowed half his inheritance from Jews ere he comes of age, to back out of. Oh, I could get him to commit any crime to save me and the boys. I could go safely forward with the rest."

Upon his return to his vaulted apartment, he arrest himself, wrapped his cloak from in a stout gilted coat, placed a slouched hat upon his head, unbuckled his sword, and hung the keys to his belt, tying over them a blue woolen sash, to keep them from making any noise, and then left one of the empty chest, which was a small black-walnut affair, open, and the other, the weight of which took both his hands. This contained him in an opposite direction from that by which Lord Neagle had gone out, and upward by a long flight of stone steps. On each side the stairs were the doors of the rooms beneath the church, and led among the catacombs of its sepulchres. Reaching one of these doors, he moved on and upward, until he reached a level place, which was a sort of hall of the dead; for all the doors of the rooms and the lesser cavities of the long dead. A small door here yielded to his key, and opened to a long and narrow arch to go to Kirk in."

"Ha! ha! ha! you would go up to church in the other world down stairs, if he could find one there."

"He said, hoist sticks to me, and I'll not be long. I must be down to the gills as a fish."

"I hardly know you, Stenzie. By your red visage were; but I recognized your long black and swinging gait. Said I to myself that is Stenzie of auld Reekie, or the devil in his shape."

"I knew you by your face, John. It's an absurd the blue-ruin grown blacker and ghostlier. Do they be 'turned ye out' of the nice broth ye had one cassels i' the Town? An unco black and perilous place for an honest man to be in."

"I liked not well enough, Stenzie, and I liked it; for I took my salary each month in hard gold, and I had a fine daughter to support and educate, as you remember little Kate, Stenzie?" and the hard face of the man softened with emotion, and his voice was hushed with tender recollections.

The flash of ten years or thereabouts. But as with all, ye alone with. I call it auld lang syne, bless me, how goodless curly hair, here white shoulders, and bonny face. I mind her well."

"Stenzie! You are not a father! You know not how I loved my child, the lovely and loveliest image of her dead mother. She was my companion in my lonely hours in the Tower, my housekeeper, and my every day's joy. She grew up to be a fair flower of seventeen summers. Let me harden my heart—for I cannot dwell upon the subject. A young officer of the Tower—a noble's son—came to enjoy the virgin daughter of the commissary to be nurtured for their accursed pleasure, woo, how I know not, save by lies and sorcery, my daughter's love. I saw it, but I was not jealous."

"Ye need nae tell, friend. I see—I see it o'!"

"He left me—with him! No more back a month after, and I accused him of carrying off my child. He laughed at me, and called me knowledge of her—and cursed me for daring to suspect him of 'stooping so low.' Those were his words! I could I die! I would have shot him on the spot, but had no weapon. I received my child's remain in the Tower; but before I made known my purpose as order for my removal could be had, she, my child, my daughter, was in prison. He made the most solemn protestations of his innocence—swore on the sacred name of his friend's death, and the most passionate appeals to his former associates and to the officers who arrested him. But the fate of the unfortunate in prison had ten thousand terrors for him. He wept, and prayed them not to leave him in their charge, and when he was thrust into his cell, his shrieks of despair could be heard even by the guard who against him, and he was confirmed to die. It appeared that the young man had both been contracted to marry my child, and that he had been guilty of many other wrongs things. From step to step he had gone on, till he was condemned as a murderer.

"I believe he did not take heed to his way according to the law of God.

Whether he is really guilty of the murder of his wife I cannot say, and absolutely know. God knows; but he will suffer for it as he deserves. He had he never married, and become entangled in gambling debts, he would not have had the temptation which drove him bold to his charge. But now his course is ended, and in his youth he must die a fearful death. His friends will be many in the world; I've spent all in trying to find out my poor child. But if I ever find her she shall, would so bitter the richest woman in the world. The Tower! ough—how I dare to go or robbing her of the greater treasure of her virtue!

"It's a magazine' scheme, John Hinchcliff. But I'm glad you've come to assist me. I've a fit."

"If I could find some two gentlemen nearly with me, I would not take a hundred pounds, and go in with us, so that we could get all we need to prosper out our plan. Ye know, Stenzie, that I would have every jewel in the Tower casket; and more—need not say my full revenge."

"What is that?"

"Ye know, Stenzie. Some secrets are my own, and locked fast here!" As he spoke he struck his breast impressively, and his eyes flashed with unwonted fight in the dim light. "Stenzie, John! Who is him?" he cried, amazed, as the closet door suddenly opened, and the young nobleman appeared himself; and springing to his feet, he levelled a pistol at his head. "If the hand Neagle, my dog," if you have been a listener, you are a dead man!" Stenzie on the other side stood ready to fire, and the young man stood as though he had been sealed.

The young nobleman stood firm and unmoved, and, without betraying the least fear, said, calmly, "I am not dead every yet! but I will save you to keep your secret, but I will join you hand and heart in robbing the Tower; and the one hundred and fifty dollars I will advance you for the night you are ready for the adventure.

"Is that all, you?" demanded Hinchcliff, lowering the pistol.

"The young gentleman ashore you were just inquiring for," answered Lord Neagle, with a sort of reckless humor.

Hinchcliff glanced at his seaman's shirt, and the jacket which hung upon his arm, and then to the pistol and rifled pocket, and answered quickly:

"Yes—in disguise, no; a gentleman in different—"

"Yes, I need money. I am with you."

"How can I know you are not a spy, or will betray me? with my secret on your lips?"

"Listen!" He here whispered to Hinchcliff for several minutes. Then I may trust you, for you are in my power, and I am in yours."

"Agreed!" answered Hinchcliff.

"Business," as the Turnkey called it, was then resumed, and after an hour's close conversation, a bond was drawn, which appears in New York, was pledged himself to furnish one hundred pounds the night, and the Turnkey was to have the Tower keys duplicated, he having taken the impressions of the locks and keys before he was discharged, with which our purpose now before him.

It was late at night when the conclave broke up, and the two men understanding each other, and each the part to be to perform.

The next day passed without any consequent events of the week that followed; now how Lord Neagle, on the night after the last of the interview described, under some desperate impulse of hope and passion, Lady Isabel Courtenay, and have with the old disguised, and, in company with the mysterious Hinchcliff to examine the forged keys, in the vault of the old churchyard, and the Jew's shocks. Three hours after words we saw him appear accompanied by Hinchcliff, in the Jew's shocks, and with the mysterious Captain Foy on the Thames, in a six-oared boat awaiting the chest. We have seen how in shooting through one of the arches of London Bridge, they rescued the Countryman from the hands of the suicidal grave. But we have not told how he obtained the hundred pounds to advance to Hinchcliff. Stenzie, at the hope of those sounds in return, nor why he visited the Jew's after leaving the cul-de-sac, nor who was Captain Foy and his boat's crew. We reserve all these for the next chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

ALTERED TUNE—written on seeing ladies' bonnets hung with blue shades—

Oh! age of contrast and cause of disorder!
On which fathers poets in vain would write accurate!
Once—all the blue bonnets were over the border!
Now, all the blue bonnets are over the bonnets.

THE GAMBLERS.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"The wages of sin is death."

They were friends; they seemed much attached to each other. Gerald was the favorite of the whole town in which he lived. He was so handsome, so winning, and so agreeable in his ways. People said Gerald was a fine fellow, and were much interested in his fair, innocent-looking face,—what wonder, then, that he was the idol of the fairest! Spencer was to Gerald as old and cold; but he yet he too was beloved by his friends. He had a merry, hearty, companionable way and seemingly full of fun. The two made a pleasing pair. Who would have thought what they were hastening forward to! But they got into bad company; they were bad company for each other—tempting each other to evil, instead of aiding and encouraging each other to good deeds. By-and-by the face of Gerald grew cloudy and careless. He seemed far from happy. His friends felt sorry to see him in trouble, and when he confided to one and another the cause of his uneasiness they readily lent him the means to remove it. But now a rapid change came over him. One evening he called for his friend to go out to walk, and from that hour poor Gerald's career was opened down to Soon after his murdered and mangled body was found in a lonesome place, and it became known that Gerald had been in a large number of company for a gambling debt, suspicions fastened upon the wretched young man, and he was committed to prison. He made the most solemn protestations of his innocence—appealed to the love of his friend's friend's death, and the most passionate appeals to his former associates and to the officers who arrested him. But the fate of the unfortunate in prison had ten thousand terrors for him. He wept, and prayed them not to leave him in their charge, and when he was thrust into his cell, his shrieks of despair could be heard even by the guard who against him, and he was confirmed to die. It appeared that the young man had both been contracted to marry my child, and that he had been guilty of many other wrongs things. From step to step he had gone on, till he was condemned as a murderer.

Whether he is really guilty of the murder of his wife I cannot say, and absolutely know. God knows; but he will suffer for it as he deserves. He had he never married, and become entangled in gambling debts, he would not have had the temptation which drove him bold to his charge. But now his course is ended, and in his youth he must die a fearful death. His friends will be many in the world; I've spent all in trying to find out my poor child. But if I ever find her she shall, would so bitter the richest woman in the world. The Tower! ough—how I dare to go or robbing her of the greater treasure of her virtue!

"It's a magazine' scheme, John Hinchcliff. But I'm glad you've come to assist me. I've a fit."

"If I could find some two gentlemen nearly with me, I would not take a hundred pounds, and go in with us, so that we could get all we need to prosper out our plan. Ye know, Stenzie, that I would have every jewel in the Tower casket; and more—need not say my full revenge."

"What is that?"

"Ye know, Stenzie. Some secrets are my own, and locked fast here!" As he spoke he struck his breast impressively, and his eyes flashed with unwonted fight in the dim light. "Stenzie, John! Who is him?" he cried, amazed, as the closet door suddenly opened, and the young nobleman appeared himself; and springing to his feet, he levelled a pistol at his head. "If the hand Neagle, my dog," if you have been a listener, you are a dead man!" Stenzie on the other side stood ready to fire, and the young man stood as though he had been sealed.

The young nobleman stood firm and unmoved, and, without betraying the least fear, said, calmly, "I am not dead every yet! but I will save you to keep your secret, but I will join you hand and heart in robbing the Tower; and the one hundred and fifty dollars I will advance you for the night you are ready for the adventure.

"Is that all, you?" demanded Hinchcliff, lowering the pistol.

"The young gentleman ashore you were just inquiring for," answered Lord Neagle, with a sort of reckless humor.

Hinchcliff glanced at his seaman's shirt, and the jacket which hung upon his arm, and then to the pistol and rifled pocket, and answered quickly:

"Yes—in disguise, no; a gentleman in different—"

"Yes, I need money. I am with you."

"How can I know you are not a spy, or will betray me? with my secret on your lips?"

"Listen!" He here whispered to Hinchcliff. for several minutes. Then I may trust you, for you are in my power, and I am in yours."

"Agreed!" answered Hinchcliff.

"Business," as the Turnkey called it, was then resumed, and after an hour's close conversation, a bond was drawn, which appears in New York, was pledged himself to furnish one hundred pounds the night, and the Turnkey was to have the Tower keys duplicated, he having taken the impressions of the locks and keys before he was discharged, with which our purpose now before him.

It was late at night when the conclave broke up, and the two men understanding each other, and each the part to be to perform.

The next day passed without any consequent events of the week that followed; now how Lord Neagle, on the night after the last of the interview described, under some desperate impulse of hope and passion, Lady Isabel Courtenay, and have with the old disguised, and, in company with the mysterious Hinchcliff to examine the forged keys, in the vault of the old churchyard, and the Jew's shocks. Three hours after words we saw him appear accompanied by Hinchcliff, in the Jew's shocks, and with the mysterious Captain Foy on the Thames, in a six-oared boat awaiting the chest. We have seen how in shooting through one of the arches of London Bridge, they rescued the Countryman from the hands of the suicidal grave. But we have not told how he obtained the hundred pounds to advance to Hinchcliff. Stenzie, at the hope of those sounds in return, nor why he visited the Jew's after leaving the cul-de-sac, nor who was Captain Foy and his boat's crew. We reserve all these for the next chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

CONSEQUENCE OF VAIN LOVE OF DRESS.

A painful instance of the consequence which are apt to follow the indulgence of any foolish vanity in dress, has just come under our notice, and recently come to our knowledge. A widow lady of good family and respectability, in the city mentioned, has been reduced to the necessity of living in a cellar, and supporting herself and child by taking in her only son, Robert, a lad of fifteen years of age, in a government office in this city. For a long time after the death of his father, the widow from the office was given faithfully to his mother, and she was pleased with the manner in which he did her heart by the thought that he was helping her. She had other children, but they were younger than he, and was two little girls just rising one above another from the cradle to womanhood. Robert was handsome, and his mother was a finely decorated exterior. She had no other thought than to dress herself and her children in the most fashionable manner, and to make a little more than his fellow clerks; his mother would suppress his wishes, and he would pledge himself to furnish one hundred pounds the night, and the Turnkey was to have the Tower keys duplicated, he having taken the impressions of the locks and keys before he was discharged, with which our purpose now before him.

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(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

THERE are many things that are known to our hearts until we have attained them, and environed arrows when we have.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

When I dwelt amid the Palm-trees,
And reigned their stately waving wise,
I did not call it poor—
Nor kneel at any shrine;
But neither did I woo, upon
[With thankless heart and bold]
The living emeralds of the woods,
And silent luxuries around.

I had a feeling in my breast
That everything was good;
Even casual sorrow's shadow lay hopes
Rose ever unsubdued.
I leant against the Palm-trees,
And thanked the powers above,
And knew that birds and boughs were both
Beneath a Father's love!

But now I journey through vast stretch,
And pass the peopled town,
Where human life seems one huge scheme
Of traffic up and down.
No palm-trees, real with prospects,
No golden shadows there;
But flutter, Bigness, Avarice,
Deliberate, Despair!

Ye ladies all!—The laborers
That on the street go by—
Ye ought for toil, but some to spare
For others' weal or pain;
The rich look on the poor with dread,
The poor, in turn, on him
With doubt and coldness despite
They do not try to know.

And do I miss the palm-trees,
Where I had nought to do
But look up to an azure sky,
And think all good and true?
These youth which lent the coloring
Of dreams and joy to life,
I now deem not, for more than these—
An Idea—was and was!

"We have our tasks before us,
Wherever we may go;
And, if we labor over them,
Time soon will be at home—
'Tis well to serve thoughtfully,
And well to love mankind,
But woe to him who lives only to wealth
Nor for his bosom-kind!"

MARTIN MABURY;

OR,

THE BOY'S OATH OF VENGEANCE.

A LIFE-LESSON.

BY STEPHANIE COMB, JR.

"Get out!"

The man who said, "Get out," stood upon the upper step of a fine house in a thriving town, and a terrible frown was upon his brow. He was a merchant in a small way, which is generally understood in the country—a "store-keeper." He was well-to-do in the world; of middle age; and quite proud.

The person who was thus promptingly ordered by Peter Gooch to "get out" was a boy—a fair-haired, bright-eyed, intelligent-looking boy, of fourteen years. He lip trembled as he stood on the graveled walk and gazed the man in the face, and a fiery glow suffused his handsome features. He held a small bundle in his hand, which he clutched with nervous force.

"Get out!" repeated Mr. Gooch.

"I am going, sir," the boy said, proudly; and then shifting his voice to a low, passionate tone, he added, "But let me tell you, sir, that I will yet live to be revenged upon you. As sure as we both live, and I have sense and reason left, I WILL HAVE VENGEANCE!"

"*Get out!*" thundered the man, making a demonstrative movement with his foot.

The boy spoke not another word, but turned quickly away, and was ere long beyond the bounds of the village. He walked on until he had reached a small valley, out of sight of any human habitation, and here he sat down upon the stony by the road side. Thar for he had borne up without a quiver, even; but his heart had broken now, and wetting his brown upon his little bundle, he began to cry. He had not cot long thus when he realized that some one had taken a seat beside him. He looked up, and saw a white-haired old man—a man covered with the dust of travel, and whose very brow and inbreed breathing told that he was worn and weary.

"Why do you weep thus, my child?" the old man asked, in a weak, tremulous tone.

The boy pondered a moment, and then answered—

"Because I have been abused, sir."

"Abused? And who has done this?"

"Peter Gooch did it, sir. He has abused me a long while."

"Peter Gooch! Who is he?"

"He keeps store in the village."

"What village?"

"The one just over the hill here—Dayville."

"And how has he abused you, my child?"

"In every way. He has driven me, and cursed me; and called me names; and made me sleep in the barn; and made me go without my supper; and—and—"

"That's enough, my son. And now tell me why Peter Gooch has done this."

"He has done it because—because——"

Again publicity, and he could not that I shall do thee harm. Now tell me all."

The boy hesitated a while, and finally said—

"Because I would not be a bad boy. I always tried to do right—but he wouldn't let me. Sometimes I would forget, and then he would punish me severely. I would get angry and sulky, and he and his wife would both cuff me about. I couldn't be a dog, so they made me ugly."

They succeeded in making you betray a wicked spirit, did the old man, thoughtfully.

"Would you merely how down to stripes you did not deserve?" the old man asked, gently, and with a flushed cheek.

A cloud crossed the deeply-furrowed features of the aged man, and his lip quivered. He bowed his head a moment, and when he looked up there was a bright drop upon his long, gray beard.

"My son," he said, with strong emotion, "I have been obliged to bow to many a stripe—stripes heavy and humiliating—through a long, dark life, simply because I could not, or would not, bow when I was young."

"But no one could bow to such stripes as have been put upon me," the boy returned, warmly. "I wouldn't submit. I won't submit. I have sworn," he continued, growing more excited, "to have revenge upon that proud man; and revenge I'll have!"

"What sort of revenge do you contemplate?" the worn traveler asked, in a quiet tone.

"I don't know yet; but vengeance for all the wrong he has done me I will have, if I have to wait for years. My father died long ago—I am hardly remember him. My mother took care of me till I was ten. Then she died, and the town gave me to Peter Gooch. Gooch has called me a '*Drunkard's Brat!*'" The boy quivered as he spoke this, but added quickly,—"My father was a drunkard, sir; but I was not to blame. Oh! when Mr. Gooch called me that, and for nothing, too, I have felt that I could kill him!"

Martin Mabury, for such was the boy's name, had not exaggerated at all. He had suffered much —more than he could tell—from the hands of the imperious, hard-hearted, passionate master he had served. He had borne it meekly at first, but he could not bear it meekly long; and when his passions got the mastery of his judgment he laid himself open to new trials.

It was some time after Martin had ceased speaking ere the other replied; but finally he spoke, and tears again came to his eyes, and his voice was more trembling than before.

"Boy, you are going out friendless into the great world."

"Yes, sir," was the answer, slowly and thoughtfully.

"And you hope to carve out for yourself a fortune?"

"I should like to, sir."

"But, at least, you wish to find Jerr and Peace."

"Yes, sir—I do. The man spoke solemnly and earnestly.

"Then listen to me," the old man continued, with an expression of kindness which was not to be mistaken, "and I will tell you the simple story of a life which may profit you. I was once a boy like yourself, though now the frosts and snows of four-score winters are upon my head. I was happy —but, ah! that was long ago. The first cloud of my own calling up that came upon the bright sky of my youth was the desire of REVENGE. I had been wronged more deeply than you have been; and I was older than you, for long I so cherished it felt it full as keenly. I vowed to be revenged, and —I was revenged. But, God! revenge upon myself! Upon myself, I say. The moment I cherished a sinful wrath which looked to nothing for its consummation, that moment my peace of mind left me—that moment a demon entered my heart that would not go out. I was no more to me in the church-yard—a still, small voice whispered, 'Forgive!' but I smothered it. I would not listen. Had I listened then what years of agony, and what weight of sorrow, might I have been spared. But no—I would have revenge—and I had it!"

The narrator stopped here and bowed his head. A shudder passed quickly over him, and, as if anxious to shut out the sad memory as soon as possible, he immediately resumed.—

"My boy, for over long years not a day has passed that I have not wished—oh! have earnestly, prayerfully wished—that I had listened to that voice in the church-yard. I should not have had given me a home—I saw——

"But never mind. I can tell you no more now. You see an old man now going back to his native village, after a long, long absence. He is generally the man upon whom his vengeance fell to forfeit his life. Need I say it? If you hold a thought of vengeance, let it be banished as soon."

Here the old man clinged his thin hands and raised them towards heaven, and his face was illumined from room to room.

"Oh! Great God, spare him from the power of the demon!"

Martin began *to cry again*, but it was only for a few moments; and when he spoke again he was looked up and placed his hand within that of his companion.

"Thank you," he said.

"Need I say more?"

"No, no."

"And can you forgive Peter Gooch?"

"Yes—I have forgiven him."

"And God will now whither go you?"

"To the city."

"Have you money?"

"A little." And as the boy spoke he took out an old leathern purse and showed three half-dollars and a few shillings in small change.

"Is that all?"

"All I have in the world of money, sir."

"Let me lend you some. It is but little here."

The old man handed forth a half-eagle. Martin hesitated at first, but he knew the value of money at such a time, and he took the gold.

"Where shall I find you to pay this back?" he asked.

"If you find me at all, it will be at Dayville."

"What—the place I am leaving?"

"Yes."

"And your name?"

"Adam Blake."

Martin had a faint recollection of having heard such a name, but he could not call it clearly to mind.

And they separated. One said—"Bless you, sir!" And the other said, "God bless you, my child!"

And when Martin Mabury had walked a short distance he stopped and clasped his hands.

"Peter Gooch," he cried, "I have forgiven you, and yet I hope to be revenged!"

CHAPTER II.

When Martin reached the city he had resolved to perform any honorable labor for which he could obtain pay. On the second day of his stay he had great town he called at a provision store. The owner liked his appearance, and after a short interview, hired him to carry baskets, and perform errands generally. A son of the dealer, who had been doing this work, went with Martin at first, to familiarize him with the way over the city.

In a little while Martin Mabury was happy and contented, and every night, when he said the prayers his mother taught him when he was a child, the white-haired old man who had given to him a lesson of life which had already proved its value. In three past he had already every thing that was valuable in his house, and he knew they had made him miserable. He now possessed nothing but joy with a stern resolve not to be offended or angry, and he was not long in discovering how much happiness and joy were enhanced.

Years sped on. From a faithful, diligent errand boy Martin came to be a faithful assistant. At the age of eighteen he visited some distant relatives in the country. While there he became aware of the cheapness of some kinds of produce as compared with the prices in the city. He wrote to his employer, and told his master. He said he could purchase enough of apples and potatoes to load a small vessel, and also put in all the butter and eggs he could find. From ten to twenty miles would take in a river, where plenty could be had for a small vessel.

The plan was well studied, and Martin was finally sent off to do the work, with the understanding that he should have half the profits.

In due time our hero arrived with his cargo. He had potatoes, apples, butter, cheese, and eggs; and in less than eight-and-forty hours after the vessel was at the wharf every article was sold to city dealers, save such as Martin chose to keep for retail. The result was beyond his most sanguine hopes. He saw the path of fortune open to him, and with energy and enterprise he entered upon it; and to his old he brought an unconquerable resolution to do right, he kind to everybody, and mind his own business.

Eleven years passed away.

Upon a stone by the roadside sat an old man, white-haired and bent, faint and weary. He lowered his head upon his hands and wept.

"Old man, why do you weep," asked a sympathizing voice by his side; and at the same moment he felt a hand upon his arm.

The old man raised a young man, well-dressed and of genteel appearance standing by him.

"How! Is this Adam Blake?" the new-comer cried, in a quick tone.

"Aye—poor old Adam!" the wayfarer returned, sinking back, his weakened eyes on the features before him. "Poor old Adam!" he repeated, with tears starting down his cheeks, "going away to die unforgiven!"

"*Forgiven!*" exclaimed the young man with strong emotion. "Say," he continued, clutching the old man's hand, "do you remember, eleven years ago, of finding a poor boy upon this very stone, crying?"

Adam Blake looked up vacantly at first, but gradually a light beamed upon his wrinkled features.

"Martin Mabury!" he uttered. "Is it Martin?"

"Yes, father, I am the once poor boy to whom you gave a new and happy life. But tell me—who will not forgive you?"

"*Peter Gooch!*" repeated Martin, with the old spirit of vengeance for an instant pricking his heart.

"Aye. Peter Gooch is the last of kin of him I wronged—the brother of the man I slew!"

"I heard that Peter Gooch was suffering deeply," Martin said, quickly.

"Yes—and hence his curses upon me. He has nearly all his property, and he says I am the cause."

"But how can that be?"

"Years ago I took down his father in business so many, many years ago——"

"Yes, yes—I know that the old man looked upon this matter with a deep, abiding sorrow. It was then that Mr. Gooch called me a drunkard's brat!"

"Peter Gooch and his wife have driven him from town, now—and——"

"Where—oh, the world—I answer—*In hope for happiness, and for the forgiveness of God, I recover!*"

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION.

Children of wealthy men and children of the society of grown persons alone cannot furnish a child with the numerous advantages of mutual or similar exercise; and the rapid interchange of ideas in society is not perfectly comprehensible by the parent; but it is said that children mutually contract with, exasperate, or correspond each other. We suspect that the latter is the more common, namely the process of manners. We have observed them assiduously, and have not evident anything like a mutual benefit. Indeed, to which the observation has been confined. Childhood, more especially, is selfish, and, therefore, unsocial. Its selfishness is modified by the influence of the parent, and by the mind, by the exercise of the body, by the habit of the heart, by the exercise of conscience, by the habit of correct principles, and by manners, we distinguish the principles of morals. Children cannot be accustomed to the intercourse of children, as introductory to an acquaintance with the principles upon which all society is unintelligible or pernicious. We have observed, that children educated in public schools have stronger and better affections for each other, than children who have undergone the customary difficulty of education in private families. The one creates a general emulation, the other a malignant competition. The statement of brethren by a large school is owing to sympathy; and is similar to the affection of travelers who have gathered in the distress and apprehensions of a perilous journey. In private families, everything being distinct, they do not associate the children and parents the subject of competition. Food is not only the subject of contest between the younger and the elder, and the motive to knowledge. Company and friends might and darkness, but cold and silly sources of pleasure and pain, and all duties constituted by them, are blended into an emulation. Thus parents educate the children and promote the most malignant emotions of the heart. All children are taught to love their parents, and to love brotherly and sisterly love; we know but few who cultivate this affection and direct it to all its use.

THE PRIMAL MAN WAS NOT A SAVAGE.

They say that man was at first a savage (or, according to learned vestiges, an ape), who by dint of the efforts of some thousand of years has, by mirror of philosophy, he "civilized" himself into "Christian." Now, we cannot understand how a savage are not infantile, but senile races. They have the power of isolating the mental faculties of letters; but wherever the white man comes they die out. If the Creator had planted the earth with such, he would have been guilty of a mistake in peopling a new continent with sense. Pretty babes are not thus peopled in new lands. The primal parents congratulatingly sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy! The traditions and discovery of darkness must have been a Botany Bay rocking through all myth and song; the rats and the mice were much like dogs and monkeys from those inmates. Let stone Eden, we do not believe that Cain and Euclid were the first parents. If skulking aborigines and high-bred cannibals, eating their own heads off, had been our Adams.

NO MAN'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

No man's enemy but his own passions have generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality that goes to make up his character, is a reckless improvidence and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. No man's enemy but his own passions ruin through his means; ruin, in a friendly way, on his friends for bonds, bail, and securities; involve his nearest kin, leave his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public; after emptying himself to the last dollar, entails a life of dependence on his progeny, and dies in the odor of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly, which is more injurious to society than many positive crimes.

THE "INTERESTING EXPRESSION."

Perhaps the most simply, and at the same time the clearest enunciation of what is meant by the word interesting, is found in personal appearance; and observation leads us to think there is often such an appearance without the reality existing in the mind, and general discourse. Interesting people have almost always eyes which tell that they are so. Such eyes may be black, blue, or gray—they may be of any form, though we have not met with them in any manner, but they always convey an idea of extraordinary sensibility, both in the way of receiving and of giving out; and wherever sufficient intellect is found in the face, such attention to be engaged in following that subject out to its remotest bearings, that there is something to beam forth and tell what they have discovered. Eyes of this kind can easily make acquaintance without the ceremony of introduction. Two perfect strangers, gifted with such eyes, and meeting in a room, look first intently at each other; they look again, and of course catch one another looking. They become engaged with other gazings, but a striking sentiment is uttered, or a strain of sweet music takes the place of conversation, and they look again, more intently than ever. Perhaps a bright witticism is uttered, and then they look to see if the other part of their eyes has caught the light, and then they smile or laugh together. There is a degree of consonance in the slightest pretension to beauty. It may not even harmonize, one part with the other, but it is there, and the two eyes may be repulsive, and common observers may pronounce it ugly; and yet in any grown up eye, and brightness, and deeper in expression, until it becomes profoundly interesting, without our knowing how, or why.

It is precisely this charm which so many pretty faces want, and the handsome ones lose. They respond to nothing, reveal nothing, and evidently feel nothing; and we are at once conscious of their features, form, and complexion, though beautiful at first, grows flat like a picture, and affects our feelings no more than if it were a finely painted—as, not even half so much; for the very movements of the eyes which we have described as the beginning of a pressed and pervading soul, speak of its absence, and tell us that it was not the property of an uninteresting character. In this manner, the tenancy of the human countenance, even when possessing the most exquisite proportions of form and color, is capable of failing away from observation and interest, by the mere circumstance of dwelling by self, as it were, into a mere surface, without depth and without interest.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

The sentiment of this genuine Franklinism is applicable to many things. It is the true principle applied to the vicissitudes of every condition of human life. It is an economical maxim, and is often found to be so in the experience of every heart. "A stitch in time saves nine!" How many have had to struggle, and to suffer, and to be overwhelmed in debt, because of the non-application of its moral! Indeed, it is a moral, and is followed by that virtue household economy, and every intelligent man that may be met with will tell the wide-ranging lesson-book to the crowd in which he mingles. The rent in the sleeve and the slit at the knee are fearful evidences of carelessness, and the existence of sloth, and thus indifference of mind which opens the door to all the temptations and vicissitudes of vicious indulgence. The patched threadbare coat is the exponent of the poverty produced by disregard circumstance; the ragged one is an emblem of idleness, a disreputable apology for nakedness, a sign of vice, and a temptation to crime. Careful Lucille would say, it is a terrible sham; for the poverty of the husband is not considered to be to be concealed, and we never see a man with his shirt in the back and the coat in front when he is about his company. And in thus expressing ourselves, we are not holding up any popular prejudice to approval, or to censure, but are merely those fixed—about upon public sympathy. Women upon whom the hard struggles of life have fallen, and who are not addicted to intemperate habits, never show a ragged garment, or a little hole unmended that "a stitch in time saves nine?" and, as it is notorious that when poor their privations are infinitely greater than those of men, and more unmerited, their decent, industrious example, stands out in strong contrast with the slovenly appearance of the shrubbed-coated "gentleman" we are censuring, and justifies us in the terms in which we applied our disapprobation. But it is in the application of the saying to the transactions of real life, that it appears most important. Jo wish the first rent in a garment, so it is with the first crew in a moral character. Take the case of a young person, and it will be found that the first vice cause all the mischief. It is a little debt at first, but it is not paid, and, before it is darned, it steps temptation with its fearful shame, and causes hideous rent that no skill can darn or patch into respectability.

THE USES OF FASTING.

Fixed habits of diet are a prison to changeable man, and we are all the worse for confined shapes. His body ought to oscillate from the middle as the pendulum of a clock, and with the regularity and convicility on the other, in order that all his organs may be helped by preserving the opposition in the direction where their power lies. Judicious fasting especially is to the structure of the mind what gymnastic exercises are to that of the muscles; the distraction of food corresponds to the distraction of thought, and fasting answers to the cause of acute intellectual separation, and without the one the other is not found in unimpressed soil. Moreover, without times of fasting, the bosom is immersed and lost in its objects, whereas fasting is the power of abstraction, and the moment is clearly appreciates it sharply, and introduces the freshness of intellect into the midst of sensation. Cooke, therefore, requires these self-denials for their own holiness, as well as other Christians for theirs. In short, we find that fasting answers to spiritual eating, convivality to human eating, and ordinary meals, pleasant and calm, to the regulated private seizures and sensibilities—which three spheres contribute to make up the visceral man.

Repentance is the most exquisite luxury; and the good man, after all, is the greatest epicure.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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BEAR AND FORBEAR.

This should be the ruling motto in these disastrous times. With industry, trade, credit, and confidence prostrated—no matter by what cause—we should all be willing to bear and forbear with one another. It is idle to condemn this or that class, as the authors of the troubles brooding all around us, for by whomever or whatever originated, the crisis has fallen upon the whole country, and all classes must suffer in some degree. It may be a warning and a rebuke, but it comes attended with so sad a train of consequences, as should enlist all our better sympathies toward whatever can lighten the blow. If the recklessness of speculation and extravagance has invoked the crash and ruin, it has suffered the penalty of bearing the brunt on its own head. But yesterday it was lord of what appeared to be unexampled prosperity—to-day it reels and staggers forth in all the avenues of business, bankrupt and despairing. Of a truth, "riches take to themselves wings and flee away," and yet, how few of all who feel with keenest force this great truth, will hasten to lay up more of their treasure "where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt," and where no thieves break through and steal.

Yes, there should be bearing and forbearing: the strong for and toward the weak, and the rich for and toward the poor. In our day, society is not closer linked by the holy ties of brotherhood, than by the more tangible cords of mutual business credit and dependance. In some direction, and to some extent, every man, almost, is a debtor or a creditor, and in ordinary times this fact promotes general intercourse and harmony—since men must feel that in the non-abuse of these relations lies the greatest common advantage. It is one of the glories of our civilization, that we have learned to bear more and more in the spirit of concession and accommodation, rather than fly to that common resort of ruder conditions of society—litigation. The jail and prison, and the constable and sheriff, are not appealed to as of old to compel men to meet their obligations, and we are quite satisfied that society is not the loser thereby. The less men depend upon external laws, and the more they cultivate and trust to their common brotherhood and manhood, the better will they succeed.

But, in such times as these, ordinary customs and courtesies should be stretched a point, and all men should be more lenient than ever. It is not unnatural in a general tempest and wreck, for that lowest instinct which says, "every man for himself, and the d—l take the hindmost," to assert itself; and it is very seldom, in such a case, that some cowardly, mercenary souls, do not illustrate it. But they cannot do this with impunity. There is a brand "hissing hot" ready for their brows, and ever after, if they have any sense of shame, they feel it burning to the quick. These times exhibit a great and almost general wreck of trade and industry—industry which thrives through trade, and trade which cannot live apart from industry. Some, true to the lower instinct, will clutch up their coffers, and hasten to hide them—aye, clutch them even though they trample down forever some of those involved in the common struggle. But the great majority, we trust, will exhibit the heroism of their humanity, and, acting upon the highest instinct, refuse to save themselves by sacrificing others.

It is, however, toward the poor, and particularly that class of poor who have been thrust by the crisis from the customary labor which gave them a sure, though perhaps scanty livelihood, that we would plead forbearance. Thousands of them, however bitter the trial, must become for a season—if not already so—subjects of charity. Strong men, willing to toil for their own and their families' bread, will, in the long, dreary winter before us, need pittance to keep off starvation. If they grow not importunate in this great mart, it will be because those who have of the good things of life give with a kind, ungrudging hand. To give, and that, too, for weeks and months, they must prepare, or worse may come. But it will, we are sure, need no severe warning to arm the public in its own defence. All must live, and those who have not the means of livelihood must be taken care of—not as wilful idlers, nor to encourage idleness, but as involuntary sufferers, and victims of the times. The days are close upon us that is to try our humanity, our wisdom, and our virtue. Let us meet them courageously and faithfully, as becomes men and Christians. Let us "bear and forbear."

Save a Little.—When we see young men spending all they make, as fast as they make it, and when we consider the importance of a little cash capital to their future prosperity, we are amazed that their own common sense does not urge with sufficient importunity the duty of trying to save, if it be ever so little, from their present earnings towards a future capital.

THE CAUSE OF "THE PANIC."

There is but one opinion in this country and in Europe regarding the cause of the present sufferings of the poorer classes. "The panic" in the money market is the cause of all: it has closed our workshops, stopped our factories, blocked up the avenues of trade and commerce, and turned hundreds of thousands of our operatives out of employment, to live on alms, or, it may be, to wring by violence a scanty portion of food out of the hands of the richer and more frugal members of the community. And who is responsible for this "panic?" Not, certainly, the few ladies who have taken, of late, a fancy to hoops, crinoline and ribbons. We will venture to affirm that the ladies may expand in circumference indefinitely, without causing a perceptible contraction in the money market, or any considerable collapse in credit. Those who attribute this great disaster to the tariff and the importation of foreign goods might be believed if they were not politicians, who are notorious for their attempts to turn every event, prosperous or adverse, to the advantage of their party, and especially of themselves. The prime movers in this "panic" are gamblers. Nine-tenths of all the hardships and sufferings to be endured by all classes during this winter, has been caused by the men who gamble in stocks and railroad shares. The people have tolerated gambling; now they reap the fruits of their toleration. For some years past, a despicable party of rash, unprincipled speculators have ruled our money market; they have obtained control of large amounts of capital; one part of it they have mis-appropriated to their own aggrandizement, another part has been lavished on their dependants, and the remainder has been buried in worthless railroads, mining companies, banks, and other dismal swamps, that yield returns only so long as their managers are able to borrow money. These gamblers have had their day; now their opponents in this game of robbing the public have "beared" the market, and reduced to poverty thousands of the honest men who trusted them, or followed blindly in their track. Gambling in Wall street has encouraged speculation, until speculation became an epidemic madness, and stimulated the credit system until it destroyed all confidence. Not long ago, the newspapers in this city and throughout the country were denouncing the gambling openly practiced in this city. Now is the time to renew the war against these deadly enemies of all honest industry—the speculating stock-jobbers. Can our laws against gambling, defamation of character, conspiracy to defraud, and similar crimes, not be enforced in Wall street? Or cannot laws be enacted for the punishment of the gamblers who live by perpetrating such crimes? How long shall a too patient community tolerate this gigantic evil, and permit gamblers to rob the honest, and traffic in the lives of the poor?

THE PROSPECTS OF THE POOR.

Within the past two months not fewer than twenty thousand operatives have been thrown out of employment in New York city alone. If we add to this sum the children, the old, the infirm, and the sick, who are dependant on the wages of these operatives for support, we shall find that about seventy thousand persons are in danger of becoming a burden and a tax upon the city during the ensuing winter. The petty savings of our poorer classes will soon be completely exhausted, and if trade do not revive, seventy thousand persons will be compelled to rely on the charity of the fortunate and thrifty for their daily bread. Few—we hope, for the honor of New York, not one—will perish for the want of food or clothing.

The poorer classes of this city, however, are placed in no worse position, and have not less favorable prospects than those of other centres of commerce and manufactures—East, North, South, and West. We fear that one-twentieth of the population of all the cities and manufacturing villages of the whole country will be reduced to the most abject poverty. But, thanks to a bountiful Providence, who has given us an abundant harvest, there will be enough for us all; neither will the hands of those who have received more than will suffice for their own wants, be backward in ministering to the necessities of the destitute and the sick. Those who have food or clothing to spare will be called to contribute liberally, and we know from their past history that they will respond promptly and nobly to the call. Even if the worst fears of the most desponding should be realized—if even one-tenth of the whole population of the United States should be thrown out of employment the coming winter, there will not be the slightest danger of a famine. Only those who are too modest or too proud to make known their true condition will suffer for want of any of the necessaries of life. No panic, no reverse of fortune can destroy our stores of corn, wheat, potatoes, rice, sugar, and cotton; and those who have not enough of these great staples, and who can show that they are really entitled to assistance, have only to ask, and they shall receive all that they need.

NEVER DESPAIR.

In these adverse times, it is no wonder that men fret, and chafe, and grow despondent, pale, and haggard, and finally break down in body as well as in business, and thenceforth hope only for the quiet of the grave. We say it is no wonder that they do all these things, and yet, *they should not do them*. Manly courage, and fortitude, and self-denial will triumph over the greatest ills. The storm will soon blow over, and the sun of prosperity again blaze in the heavens with cheering effulgence; and then, those who have held out with indomitable firmness will be prepared to reap the advantages of the new order of things. A stout heart will keep the body vigorous, and the health good, and chase away the blues; while despondency will wreck not only fortune but mind and body also. All that the luckiest of us get in this world is our keeping—our food, clothes and lodging at the best, and what matters a little hard fare for a few months?

JUDGE NOT.

There is a vicious readiness among mankind to pass condemning judgment upon accused or suspected persons. The disposition is to kick or strike down in advance of evidence, and even before inquiry. It is a most unchristian propensity, and one that we should all recoil from, were it applied to us. If such a spirit be conformable to savage states of society, it is not to the dictates of a truly civilized humanity; as, against all vague charges and suspicions respecting our fellows, we should always firmly stand. We should do as we would be done by, and judge not hastily, lest the same thing come upon us. Society is not advanced by censoriousness so much as by charity. Let us be slow to condemn and quick to approve. Vice will ever be its own sure punishment, and crime will furnish evidence of itself in due time. Shakspeare says:—

"Guiltiness would speak, though tongues were out of use."

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

SERVANTS.

"An admirer" wishes to know if I have nothing to say "on the troubles ladies experience with their help," some of which the writer enumerates.

I confess that my sympathies are enlisted much more strongly on the side of servants than of their mistresses, who at any moment can show them the door at their capricious will, without a passport to any other place of shelter. Their lot is at best a hard one;—the best wages being a very inadequate equivalent for the great gulf which, in many cases, separates the servant from her employer as effectually, as if her woman's nature had no need of human love and human sympathy; as if she did not often bear her secret burden of sorrow with a heroism, which should cause a blush on the cheek of her who sits with folded hands in the parlor, all neglectful of woman's mission to her dependant sister. They who have listened vainly for kind words know how much they may lighten toil. They who have shut up in their aching hearts the grief which no friendly look or tone has ever unlocked, know how it will fester and rankle. They who have felt every ounce of their flesh taxed unrelentingly day by day to the utmost, with no approving "well done" to lighten slumber when the heavy yoke is nightly cast down, know what is servitude of *soul*, as well as body.

I could wish that mistresses oftener thought of this; oftener sat down in the gloomy, underground kitchen or basement, and inquired after the absent mother, or brother, or sister, in the old country; oftener placed in the toil-hardened hand the book or paper, or pamphlet, to shorten the tedious evening in the comfortless kitchen, while the merry laugh in which the servant has no share, resounds from the cheerful parlor above.

I do not forget that there are bad servants, as that there are unfeeling, inhuman mistresses who make them. I know that some are wasteful and improvident; and I know, from experience, that there are cases where the sympathy and kindness I speak of are repaid with ingratitude; but these are exceptional cases; and think how much hard usage from the world such an one must have received, ere all her sweet and womanly feelings could be thus blunted. I must think that a humane mistress makes a good servant. I know that some of the servants of the present day dress ridiculously above their station,—so does often the mistress; and why is a poor, unenlightened girl more reproachable, for spending the wages of a month on a flimsy, gaudy bonnet, or dress, than is her employer, for trailing a seventy-five or one hundred dollar robe through ferryboats and omnibuses, while her grocer and milliner dun in vain for their bills?

Let the reform in this and other respects begin in the parlor. Our mothers and grandmothers were not always changing servants. *They* did not disdain to lend a helping hand, when a press of work, or company, made the burden of servitude too heavy. A headache in the kitchen, to them, meant the same as a headache in the parlor, and, God be thanked, a heart-ache too. The soul of a servant was of as much account as that of her mistress; her creed was respected, and no elaborate dinner came between her and the church-door. How can you expect such unfaltering, unswerving devotion to your interests, when you so wholly ignore theirs?—and spur and goad them on like beasts of burden, and with as little thought for their human wants and needs? No wonder if you have poor service—eye-service. I would like to see you do better in their place. Lift up the cloud, and let the sun shine through into their underground homes, if it is not a mockery to use the word home. Don't think it an unpardonable sin, if they are ten minutes behind tea-kettle time; call your daughter off from the piano, and let her set it boiling—her husband will call you "blessed" for it one of these days. Let her run down and set the dinner table, and cook the dinner for them sometimes, of a washing or an ironing day. It will be a great help, and much better for Matilda-Sophia than to be crying salt-tears over the last novel. We exact too much—we give too little,—too little sympathy—too little kindness—too little encouragement. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" would settle it all. You don't do it—I don't do it, though I try to. Human laws may require only of the mistress that she pay her servant's wages punctually; God's law requires much more—let conscience be its interpreter;—then, and not till then, we shall have good servants.—How I hate that word "servants!" Fanny Fern.

LULLABY.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep,
In your white and quiet bed,—
For the tender light of your eyes is lost,
And the rose of your cheek is dead.

Comb and curl her long, bright hair—
Her hands on her bosom lay;
A modest stone at her head and feet
And silently come away.

No pansies! when the May shall come,
Hearing the robin call,
Her feet will trip on the grassy mound,
And half her flowers will fall. Alice Cary.

MARRYING MONEY.

"Tom, whom did you say our friend B—— married?" "He married forty thousand dollars—I forget her other name," was the answer.

We find the above in an exchange paper. It is a capital "take off" on the desire that many people manifest to "take to themselves" *money* instead of a *wife*. There are young people, however, who are not governed by such low, sordid motives in the selection of a partner for life—young people who would scorn to barter their happiness in this mercenary manner—and who, rather than marry a person simply for wealth, would remain to the end of time in a state of "single blessedness." Marriage is a solemn, an important event; and they who trifle with it trifle with their own peace—their prosperity—in brief, their *all*, with the exception of that which pertains to the immortal part, and sometimes with that, too, for no one can reckon the amount of misery which a bad husband or a bad wife will produce in a family—it is incalculable. Guard against it, then, ye who value a quiet, peaceable, happy life, and place not your affections on gold—on "the root of evil." Money, we are aware, is desirable, and it is necessary to have a portion of it; but it is neither necessary nor desirable that we should esteem it as *everything*.

There is an editor up in Vermont who is so economical of stationery, that he writes all his editorials on a *slate*.

Probably he thinks they are not worth committing to paper. Men generally know the value of articles of their own manufacture better than "outsiders."

Dull.—Business of all kinds, except Slander.—*Springfield Gazette*.

Then, we suppose you are pretty busy.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Oh, Pythagoras! If the wicked must be punished in such strange fashion, send them, I pray thee, into catamounts and hyenas, and let them yell out their demons in wilds and thickets, where no human auricles can catch up the agony—but spare me and my Penates!

Tabby, in her proper person, was a very gentle and demure felinity. She would sit all day at my feet, tapping her long tail, and winking her meek eyes—a sleek and shining complacency—a delicious laziness! When the whole world was tossing and grimacing in some high noon of fussiness or calamity, Tabby sat still and purred in perfect peace. She was neither carnivorous nor gluttonous—omnivigant or gregarious. I liked her nonconformity; her imperturbation suited me; Tabby and I established a sympathy.

Bruno was our grand patriarch. His large, massive, yet well-formed and stately figure was in keeping with the old mansion. Every morning he paced up and down the garden-walk as if he were arranging the day's routine, and had deep thinking to do; and each night he sat immovably down by the garden-gate—a grim sentinel. The noon-hour and the soft twilight were his seasons for relaxation. Then he crouched—a shaggy and benign abstraction upon the hearth-rug, or floated off into sleep-land on Tabby's low purr and the click of my knitting-needles.

Bruno was wise and taciturn; very slow to anger, but magnificent in his wrath. No vulgar dog-oath of a bark ever betrayed him; but the live fire in his eyes—the subdued spring, and the strong grapple were fearful things to look upon. I and Tabby and Bruno were friends. We had our moods—tender, cynical, rollicking, and sombre. When we sharpened our wits with a little innocent sparring, Bruno always came off victorious. One of his self-suppressed, sage, saturnine sneers was sure to settle Tabby and me into silent abashment. Sometimes I read aloud from my favorite authors; Bruno's ears rose rampant, and every inch of his canine soul sprang into his gray eyes if it chanced to be Plato or Shakespeare; Tabby fell asleep. Tabby doted on Faust, Festus, and Alexander Smith, and winked great satisfaction whenever they were introduced; yet I think she looked upon Mephistophiles and Lucifer as very bad men; for, on two occasions, when I read of them, she was so moved from her propriety as to put up her back and hiss. Bruno smiled super-sapiently, and looked up the chimney.

Oh, dear Grimalkin! noble Bruno! An evil day came—evil shapes crept over the threshold;—my lares are dashed down—the old hearth-stone is desolate! Unhappy souls!—dark, tortured transmigrators—have entered into my companions, and are working out their salvation with sounds unutterable and strange gyrations. Tabby—the meek and shining Tabby—as if in league with some invisible cat-o'-nine-tails, spins round and round in a foaming frenzy—races up the smooth walls and windows, with "each particular hair on end," or yells upon the garden-wall like a fiend incarnate!

Bruno is not mad; but "melancholy is the nurse of madness," and his great mournful eyes seem to say— Mr. Macbeth:

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

He is no longer Bruno—the grave self-possession—the fireside oracle—but Bruno possessed—driveling. His night-howlings are like the wailings of the doomed; and his aimless wanderings by day are but the fitful motions of a great unrest. I, too, am beginning to feel unsettled and despairing. Faust, Festus, Plato, Shakespeare, and the click of the knitting-needles, vanished with the dear familiars; Othello's occupation is gone, and I cast about only for some potent spell of exorcism. "Hear me for my cause," Oh, Pythagoras! "and be silent that you may hear!" Reverse the dreadful passes, and restore to me my dog and my cat!

Transmigration of souls may be a fine thing for souls, but it is "*cruelty to animals*."

ASTROLOGY IN NEW YORK.

The astrologers are equal to the emergencies of the times, and vie with each other in persuading distressed mortals to accept of them consolation for the past, relief for the present, and whatever is wanted for the future. Although these good people are ready to do a little stroke of business in any line, Love and Wonder are the sentiments to which they especially appeal, as witness the following advertisement, clipped from a morning paper:

A WONDER.—THE TARTAR GIRL.—IF YOU WISH TO know all the secrets of your past and future life, the knowledge of which may save you years of sorrow and care, don't fail to consult the above-named palmist. Charge, 50 cents. The Tartar has also on hand a secret which will enable any lady or gentleman to win or obtain the affections of the opposite sex. Charge, extra.

This young girl, so far from her native land, seems thoroughly to understand the weaknesses of fortune-seekers in this country. But her offers are quite eclipsed by those of

AN ASTROLOGIST THAT BEATS THE WORLD—AND $5,000 reward is offered to any person who can surpass her in giving correct statements on past, present and future, particularly marriages, deaths, health, wealth, losses, pursuits, absent friends, &c. N. B.—Madam ——— is no humbug, nor does she wish to impose on the unwary. Call and satisfy yourselves.

That clause about being "no humbug," and "not wishing to impose on the unwary," is deliciously naive and refreshing. But even this conscientious soothsayer must stand back for a still more potent spirit, who thus announces herself:—

ALL EUROPE ASTOUNDED.—MADAME PHOFFARO, the most astonishing clairvoyant in the world, has just arrived from England. All diseases cured, if curable. The exact course of your past, present and future life marked out to you so correctly, that you will be compelled to acknowledge, with thousands in Europe, that she is the wonder of the world.

A friend, who fed his credulity to the extent of a dollar's worth of this "astonisher of Europe's" necromancy, says she has but one fault, and that is her fondness for stimulating beverages—a failing, by the way, that is common in her profession. We will now close this exhibition of astrologers with the presentation of the most wonderful of them all, that has been purposely reserved for the finale:—

ASTONISHING TO ALL.—MADAME ———, THE MOST wonderful astrologist in the world, or that has ever been known, as I am the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, who was also a great astrologist. I have a natural gift to tell past, present and future events of life. I have astonished thousands during my travels in Europe. I will tell how many times you are to be married, how soon, and show you the likeness of your future husband, and will guarantee you to be speedily married, and you will enjoy the truest happiness of matrimonial bliss and good luck in this life. I will also show you the likeness of absent friends and relations, and I will tell so true all the concerns of life, that you cannot help being astonished.

Persons in want of the aid and consolation which such humbug and nonsense afford, cannot do better than to patronize this seventh daughter of the seventh daughter of a woman who was herself a stupendous humbug; inasmuch as if one wants to be fooled, it is better to have it done by a proficient in the art.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Raillery has been compared to a light which dazzles but does not burn. This, however, depends on the skill with which it is managed. Many a man, without extracting its brilliance, may burn his fingers in playing with this dangerous pyrotechnic. He who gives pain, however little, must not complain should it be retorted with a disproportionate severity; for retaliation always adds interest in paying off old scores, and sometimes a very usurious one. "When do you expect to be again troubled with the toothache?" said a gentleman to his friend, who had a set of false masticators. "When you have an affection of the heart or a brain fever."

Puritanism is the innocence of the vicious—external sanctimony, assumed as a cover for internal laxity. Whenever we smell musk or other pungent perfumes, we may fairly suspect that the wearer must have some strong effluvium to conquer; and where we observe a Pharisaical display of prudery and piety, we shall seldom err in pronouncing that it is the disguise of some wolf in sheep's clothing. A nice man, according to Swift, is a man of dirty ideas; and a pretender to superior purity will often be found much dirtier than his neighbors.

The unfairness, the bitterness, the rancor of reviewers have generated those other failings of superlative and fulsome panegyric. Generally in those mutual malpractices, acting and re-acting upon each other, the author has no share; having parted with his copyright, he has no interest in the conflict, and can find no more pleasure in being made the shuttlecock between the black and white battledore than a well-dressed gentleman would in being alternately jostled by a miller and a chimney sweep.

A man often bitterly denounces his opponents as unmitigated villains for holding exactly the opinions that he once expressed himself. His denunciation is, of course, as applicable to himself as to them. His present self brands his former self as everything base; and his former self, if it could open its mouth, could return the compliment. Then we should see a couple of precious villains, or two halves of the same villain, blackguarding each other.

When Dr. Paley was asked why he always kept his horse three miles off, he replied, "For exercise." "But you never ride." "That is the reason why I keep him at such a distance; for I get all the exercise of the walk." Still more ingenious was the logic of the school-boy, who, being asked if it was not absurd in Homer to describe Vulcan as being a whole day in falling from the clouds to the earth, replied, "But you forget that Vulcan was *lame*."

The Spanish proverb, which bids us beware of a reconciled friend, inculcates an ungenerous suspicion. The love of lovers is notoriously augmented by quarrels, and many are the instances where a momentary rupture between friends has only served to consolidate the subsequent attachment, as the broken bone, that is well set, usually becomes stronger than it was before.

It is true that a pun is a verbal equivocation, but, if the highest legitimate wit is only a play upon ideas, why may we not tolerate a play upon words, which are the signs of ideas? Such a recreation is at least dabbling in the elements of wit, whereas a starch and formal gravity is an evidence of nothing but dulness.

An acquaintance of ours, who had the misfortune to be whipped yesterday by a big Englishman, was calling loudly this morning for an immediate declaration of war against Great Britain. We cannot help thinking that such an effect would be a little disproportioned to such a cause.

The expression, "Oh, shame, where is thy blush?" is often used now-a-days by men to whom the blush of shame has been so long a stranger, that we are naturally surprised at their indicating the slightest desire in the world to renew the acquaintance.

"You are a Yankee," said a fellow, tauntingly to his neighbor. "Well, sir, I am no more responsible for having been born a Yankee than you are for having been born an ass."

It is occasionally true of a reviewer, that he overlooks the productions he professes to look over, and judges of books by their authors, not of authors by their books.

"John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir, if she laid any, she mislaid them."

A young lady is charged with having said, that, if a cart-wheel has nine felloes, it's a pity if a pretty girl like her can't have one.

We have generally observed that a man is not apt to abuse his native State, unless he is a fugitive from her justice.

"I go for my man against the world," said one politician to another. "Unquestionably, sir, you go for him against the country."

We fear that it has been too much the habit of the agents, sent by our government to the Indian tribes, to treat before treating with them.

Love may slumber in a young maiden's heart, but not very soundly. It always dreams.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A farmer named Herbert, living in Franklin county in this state, heard a noise in his stable one night not long since, and on going out to see what was the matter, discovered that a man had harnessed his best span of horses to his best carriage, and was about to drive them off. As the thief drove cautiously out of the carriage-house, Mr. Herbert made a grab at him, but the rascal eluded the farmer, and springing from the carriage, made tracks to parts unknown.

Several months ago a Michigan farmer passed a toll-gate, paid his bill, and received a brass cent from the gate-keeper in change, which he refused to take and demanded a copper coin in its stead. The gate-keeper would not comply with this demand; high words followed, and soon the parties got into a desperate fight. Several law suits followed the fight, and the result was that the brass cent cost each party $57.

An alligator was recently killed near the Balize (mouth of the Mississippi) which was nearly eaten up by shrimps. It seems that when one of these monsters is wounded ever so slightly, the shrimps at once begin to make their home in his body, and the colony increases until the little pests actually devour the alligator alive.

The Mormons threaten to murder every United States officer sent among them, who does not subscribe to their abominations; and as for regular troops, they say they do not fear them at all, as they can turn out three rifles to Uncle Sam's one.

It is said that Louis Napoleon is actually in danger of speedy death from an incurable disease of the spine. This report elates the red republicans of France, who believe that the back bone of Louis Napoleon and the back bone of despotism are one and the same.

The Paris papers say that the lady leaders of the fashions in that city are beginning to dress the hair and wear powder in it, after the style which was so popular in the eighteenth century. We hope the horrid practice will not be countenanced by the ladies of this country.

Mrs. Mary St. John, aged ninety-three years, who lived in Norwalk, Conn., a few days since set her clothes on fire with a pipe she was accustomed to smoke, and before assistance could reach her, she was burned so severely that she soon died.

A huge black bear entered a shed belonging to Hon. J. S. Monroe, of Abbott, Maine, a few nights ago, and carried off a sheep and devoured it. That was the sixteenth sheep he has this fall lost by the bears, which are becoming alarmingly bold and ferocious in the "Old Pine State."

A short time since, a couple of negroes became vexed at each other while in church at Warwick, Va., and one struck the other upon the head with his cane, and instantly killed him, to the consternation and horror of the congregation.

The body of an unknown man, about twenty years of age, was found a few days ago in a tool box belonging to the Stonington Railroad, near the Kingston depot. He was dressed well, and had evidently been murdered.

The crop of chestnuts, and of other nuts, this season, is unusually large. Every little helps in such hard times as these. The people of some countries nearly live on boiled chestnuts.

A man named Halloway, residing in the town of Wilkes, North Carolina, recently married his own step-mother, who was the second wife and widow of his father.

A cook in the family of a citizen of Augusta, Georgia, in cleaning a fowl a few days since, found a cone-shaped piece of gold, valued at five dollars, in its gizzard.

Gold is beginning to flow back from Europe to this country. One steamer recently brought a million of dollars from England.

Not long since, in Worcester, England, a man publicly sold his life for one shilling and a quart of ale.

Corn is only twenty-three cents a bushel in Indiana and Illinois.

CONQUERORS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Under their heads they have laid their swords.'—
Samson, xiv.m.6, 19th.

Under their heads they have laid their swords,
Who trav'rs the nations pale
With threat and boast,
Of a baron's host,
And their name and saying and ;

Their stern command new'd the warrior hast,
The soldier stands his task,
And with sunbright'd arm
Hurls his lance on the foe,
The youthful conscript went ;

They view'd the cities of this desert deep
Like the wild ass's free,
Laughing such a host,
Mid the oases and steams,
To blench Death's sternest grin ;

The waves of their hand was the law of the land,
Where their conquering legions swept,
Upon their path
Which the poor man's children fed ,

They led the fire over town and palm,
And village in rural pride :
They doomed the old
With the blood of all,
Till a stream rose like the murderous tide ;

They are gone—they are fled—like a dream have they end—
They have sent their gorgeous pomp ;
They have left a name
For scorn of hate,
And a curse on the ocean hoast.
Hartford, Oct. 26th, 1840.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Robert Bonner, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

CHAPTER XII.

A SUDDEN ALARM.

"Come—we are all ready," cried Guy, impatiently.

"Aye—and waiting," added his father, testily.

"Mark!" whispered the clergyman, with a solemn mark.

"Mark when you get that, *canny me now !*" exclaimed the young man angrily.

"He uttered one of the blessings," d'yn hear that? We are surrounded by the enemy—"

At this moment the loud yells of the Indians—*"Oush ! Oush ! Oush !"*—broke upon the air, and the agonizing cry of—*"Ft ! ave !"* came from the English.

"One word! Only one word! Marry us!" gasped Grace, clutching Isabel's hand with a grip that caused her to cry out with pain.

Old Philip heard the cry of her mistress, and, mistaking its cause, she at once hit upon an expedient of putting a stop to any further proceedings.

"It will take but a moment!" urged Nathan Bradbrook, turning to the trembling clergyman.

"Oh! Rook! Yah! yah! Te enemy am scenic! Philip, Philip, Philip!" and the great bands over her head, and exhibiting the utmost terror.

"Coward!" repeated the lady man, quaking with terror. "Which way?"

"Right here! Oh! Golly-em-quakins! Got out!" shouted Phillis, dancing wildly about.

The sound of many feet rushing by the tent was heard, and it was filled with the cries of fear and fright. Shrieks and wailing were heard, and with one word he cleared the entrance, and with a speed which his frame gave not promise of, he left the tent.

"By my soul, it's something serious!" said Nathan Bradbrook.

"Aye!" returned Guy, with an oath. "It's serious all around. But," he added, turning to his father-in-law, "you mine is the case, and I am a Mac a few hours longer. But we'll have this knot tied now, now sure sound."

With this, both father and son hastened from the tent. When they reached Johnson's head-quarters they learned that two messengers had come in with the information that Arnold was close upon the camp with a mighty army, and that the Royal British, and Tories, and Indians—would all be swept away if they did not flee.

The Indians were the first to take the alarm. They had just been engaged in a religious ceremony, and the bonfire-logs were blazing. The Grand Spirit was offended. Furthermore, the savages had scented afterof the idea that the British were deceiving them, and only wished to destroy them. They had been informed that the Rebels would not stand for a moment before them, and that they would have little to do save to see the British whip the Rebel troops, but he had found it very different from all this. Since the bloody day of Oriskany they had been taught a lesson that they turned completely against their white allies.

The alarm soon became so general that the Tories fled like so many frightened sheep, leaving bag and baggage behind them. St. Ledger whitestood the panic for a while, but he had not the pluck of Johnson, who came to Albany with about two hundred men, and who had heard the high words that passed between the two commanders, shouted, at the top of their voices—*"They are coming! They are coming!"*

Both the officers plunged into the morass before them, and fled at the top speed of their horses. The word was a signal for those of the army who had remained still now, and in a few minutes the stampede was as complete, that only one man was left in the camp! He was a poor bombardier, who had been on service all night, and had fallen asleep in the bombardery. When he awoke he found himself the sole occupant of the camp. The baggage, the tents, the artillery, and all the camp equipage, were about him, but not a living soul was himself! He turned his gaze upon the fort, and all was as usual there. Not the smoke in the west ; and there he saw the tracks of his companions in the mud and morass ; and he was not long in putting a finis upon the flight.

In wild disorder the bustling enemy fled towards Oneida Lake, and there they found trouble enough. The Indians had stolen many of their boats, and those that were left were, many of them, injured. Here and there the savages would raise the cry—*"Yankee coming ! Yankee coming !"* and then enjoy themselves hugely in seeing the panic into which their white allies were thrown.

But the Indians were not content with this. They were angry and disappointed, and hurling with a desire for revenge on somebody. They had been promised any quantity of plunder, but as yet they had found none. So they spread themselves through the wood upon the borders of the lake, and butchered and robbed every Englishman and Tory they could find. St. Ledger afterwards wrote to Burgoyne that he suffered far more from his savage allies than he had ever anticipated from his acknowledged foes, even had he come to a pitched battle. However, he got off after a while, and his cavalry corps, such as lived, went with him.

We left Isabel in her tent, with old Phillis to look after her. As soon as the men were gone the latter shut the tent back to her full extent, and gazed about her. She realized that something had happen-

JOCKO SURPRISES MR. PHILLIS FLUNKY.

ed, but the intense and all-absorbing fear that had been upon her had shut out all circumstances save the one she had heard Nathan Bradbrook so earnestly urging to its consummation.

"What is it?" she asked, as the loud din fell upon her ears.

"De Patriots, hah come, I 'spose ; but I don't know for certin. I 'spect, howsumebber, dat de fort hab rush out."

"The fort!" cried Isabel.

"Do I 'spose."

But they were not long left in doubt. Guy Bradbrook came rushing in, with terror depicted upon every feature. And well he might be terrified. For he knew that were he to fall into the hands of any of the Patriots who knew him, they would have a long, black score against him.

"Come!" he cried, moving about recusedly while he spoke. "You must prepare at once for flight!"

"What!" uttered old Phillis, unable to restrain the impulse that had seized her, "arn't you a-going to stop an' take de fort?"

"Silence! you black dog! Hurry and get your mistress ready! Come—there's not a moment to lose!"

"You need not be burdened with me," ventured Isabel.

"Oh, no—I suppose not!" retorted Guy, impetuously, and with irony. "Oh, no! You'll be amusing well to be left behind, and fall into the hands of Mr. Philip Lancey! Oh, yes,—I understand! But you won't be permitted to play yourself and get ready. I have horses for you—be here for Phillis, too!"

Isabel knew that there was nothing more to be said, so she prepared herself at once for the flight. She had but little to do, for she had but little to do with ; and ere many moments she announced that she was ready. Guy hurried in and out of the tent, and Isabel was assisted to her saddle, while Phillis was left to climb into her own as best she could. She did it, however, and gathered up the reins in good style.

Nathan Bradbrook rode up just as Isabel had gained her place, and one of Johnson's men brought up a horse for Guy. The latter mounted very ready, and the old man gave the order to start. Their tent, and all their baggage, they were forced to leave behind, for they had a peculiar regard for their safety, and a corresponding fear of armed Patriots.

There was no system in that flight. St. Leger had not yet gone, though his messengers showed pretty plainly that he had a strong leaning that way. In the party with which we go there were the two Bradbrooks, Isabel and Phillis, and three men who lived on some of the old man's land, and who were now following the fortunes in the field. We may as well present them to the reader, for we may see more of them.

Samuel Dowder, usually called "Sam Dowd," was a middle-aged man—getting rather old for his short and stout ; with a dark, evil eye ; a swarthy complexion ; black, straight hair ; and features very much like a bull-dog's. He was a dangerous fellow, and a man after Bradbrook's (elder of them) own heart.

Hank Fuller was two or three years younger than the former ; somewhat taller, and not so stout. His hair was of a flaxen hue ; his complexion light ; his eyes of a watery, uncany, greenish blue ; and his whole countenance repulsive.

Zebulon Dowder, typified as "Zeb" for short," was over six feet tall ; formed like a slab—being wide from side to side but small in the other way. His hair was of a fiery red, and gave to his head the appearance of a hard-eared, illuminated brush-heap. He was ordinarily, an unmeaning fellow, to look upon his features, and both Nathan and his son really supposed him to be as simple as he looked. He had been very serviceable to them, and they used him very freely. How much he used them they did not dream, as he had a peculiar way of doing as he pleased without letting them know it. They placed a great deal of confidence in Zeb. Dowder was too ugly to be trusted always, and Fuller too deceitful. But Zebulon was just the man. They used him, and they abused him, and they thought the poor soul was glad enough to serve them upon any terms they were pleased to dictate.

These three men had been tenants of Nathan Bradbrook for some years, and in consideration of certain payments remitted they had served their landlord in ways and manners not generally recognized as legal by law-abiding communities.

The road to the lake was very good, and our party reached the old fort on Wood Creek at four o'clock in the afternoon, and there Bradbrook concluded to wait for Johnson and his aide. But he made a sad mistake in this, for Johnson and St. Ledger reached the lake by a different route, and when, at six o'clock, Bradbrook started for the landing, he was doomed to find every boat gone.

"What can we do?" asked Dowder, after he had become convinced that there was not a boat to be had.

"We can move but one way," the old Tory replied. "Mark Walbridge lives not many miles from here, on the shore of the lake. He is a firm friend to the king, and if we can reach his place we shall find safety and shelter."

Different further considerations the old man gave the order for turning to the north, and ere many moments the party were on their way along the only path of the lake-shore. But it was not all used. The lake road had followed the creek, where the soil was clayey and loamy, and the horses had some hard work in wallowing through it. And here there were strips of wood to be passed through, and places where the undergrowth and tall, rank grass had grown up thick and tangled. However, the task was not to be had as it might have been, several men, but it was quite thoroughly done.

They had reached a dense thicket of oak trees, when the sun half way through it, when Dowder, who was in the rear with Isabel, called out to Nathan Bradbrook, who rode next to him, to stop also.

"What is it?" asked the latter, impatiently, who had heard the order for Fuller to stop.

"Somethin' curiously, or somethin' dreadful on us," replied Dowder.

"Dogging it!" repeated the old man. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say, sir. I've heern a thing that makes me feel as though jest about to start to run."

"But what kind of a noise is it?"

"Why—it's a strange sort of a noise," said Dowder, using an adverbial oath of terrible import to the subject-matter, strange.

"But what is it like?"

"It's like what I don't want to hear. It's like a cussed Injun!"

"Then it is one of stopping," interrupted Guy.

"It's too dark to see anything, suppose's a dozen Indians were around us. But it's no such thing. Sam Dowder's a fool, as you well know. More likely it's an owl, or so."

At this moment the loud, startling cry of an owl came breaking upon their ears from the further end of the wood.

"I told you so," resumed Guy.

"Ky-hoo! ky-hoo-ky-hoo-ky-hoo!"

The men laughed as Dowder—all save Zeb Dowder. He looked from face to face, turned to himself, and rode on.

As the party emerged from this wood they came to an opening where a broad stream had its source. Here ran, and left its bed bare and barren. Beyond this stream was Walbridge's farm, and that was the clearing of Mark Walbridge. The sun had been down some hours, but the stars were all out, and the path was easily distinguished where the way lay open.

"Ha! what's that?" cried Guy, pointing to a dark object which he saw gliding towards the wood from the house.

"It's an owl, sir's it?" said Dowder, leering with—

"What is it?" queried the old man, stopping his horse, and gazing eagerly upon the object.

"It goes upon all fours," suggested Fuller.

"Aye, but it didn't when I first saw it," returned Dowder.

"How-ow-ow-ow-ow!" came from the point in the wood where the owl had appeared, and they disappeared.

"Yeah—only Walbridge's dog!" said the old Tory, with a laugh. "Come and dogs have no more power over us."

Zebulon Dowder shook his head again and then rode on.

There was one in that party who was strangely affected by the hooting of the owl and the barking of the dog. Isabel Carlton had heard those sounds often. She had heard them ring through the deep forest as Jocko roamed her with his vocal powers, and she had heard them breaking through the stillness of the night as the quaint rogue sought to startle the drowsy household in his mood for fun. She had seen the figure upright, as had Guy ; and she saw it when it dropped upon its hands. The sudden knew that Philip Lancey had a faithful messenger upon her trail.

In half an hour more the party reached the farmhouse of Mark Walbridge, and they were fortunate enough to find the host in. He was glad to see Bradbrook, for he was anxious to learn what had transpired in the valley.

Mark Walbridge was Tory, but the lust of loving prevented him from serving his king in arms. A wound many afforded him sufficient support for plodding about his farm ; and he had filled his land to good advantage, for he was well off in personal property. His family consisted of a wife, three sons, and two daughters. The boys were all older than the girls, the eldest being seventeen.

It was past nine when the party reached the farm-house, and before ten Isabel was shown to a small chamber which she and Phillis were to occupy.

"Missy," whispered the old negress, casting a furtive glance about the apartment, "dat was Jocko I hear."

"I know it," responded the maiden.

"And massa Phillip 'll come an' git us, won't he?"

Isabel started, and gazed uneasily into her companion's face ; then, with a prayerful glance, lighted up her pale features, she murmured—

"If it be God's will—oh, let him come!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LOVERS ARE UNITED AGAIRDEN.

Colonel Gansevoort sat in his private apartment, engaged with some of his officers in discussing the probability of their prospects with regard to the siege, when an orderly entered in great haste and informed him that there was a person in attendance among the enemy. The commandant hastened to the portal, and sent for Dongle St. Ledger was preparing for an attack. The drums were beating, and the British were hurrying to and fro, some in the trenches, while others bore their arms upon their shoulders.

But on they came, the mystery deepened. The Indians formed into many parties, and dimpeared on the further side of the village. Presently the men of Johnson's command were seen to march, leaving their tents and baggage behind them ; and then the whole army followed. The flight was precipitous and without order, and ere the Patriots had gained their senses, the whole camp of the enemy was to be seen.

But the mystery was not to be solved. A messenger arrived and announced the approach of Arnold with his patriot forces.

Philip Lancey had comprehended the truth from the first. He knew the character of Willett well to suppose that he had been overcome by any ordinary circumstance, and he believed that a determined force General Schuyler was at hand. With a small telescope he stationed himself upon one of the lookouts, and he plainly saw Isabel as she left camp in company with the Bradbrooks and their men. He turned to Jocko, who stood by his side, and said—

"They are fleeing, as sure as the world. We have been fooled. Can you see Isabel?"

"Yes, massa."

"Jocko, I would give much to know whither they shall go."

"Mark Phillip, jus' you say de word, an' you shall hab de answer."

"Good Jocko, I shall never repay thee a half of what I owe thee."

"Don't talk so, massa. Isn't you kind to me? and wasn't Miss Bella allers kind? Poor Jocko never knew what a heart did be you are. After you bought me I neber know'd dar was a good feelin' in de poor old bewitchered body. Neber! neber kind to me, an' I war allers ugly an' mine. My Lord o' mercy! aren't dis de heck ob a mile for you to run? Massa, I didn't know dat dar berry care war de cause ob de disappointment, but I'll be true to you, massa Phillip ; an' he'll die die silent for Miss Bella. Hi-yah-yah! she said she'd pay me for dis! she—she did, for certin! What you t'ink ob dat, eh?"

"I think it is just like her," returned Philip, sensibly affected by the earnest gratitude of his followed.

"Yes—it am jus' like her," resumed Jocko ; "an' now I war feller her. I'm off if you've got no more to say."

"That is all. Let me know as soon as you can where she is. Take good care of yourself, and may God watch over and bless you."

"Good massa!" Jocko caught the young man's hand as he spoke, and, having pressed it to his brow in token of fidelity, he turned away, and ere long his back was upon the fort.

As soon as possible, Arnold sent nine hundred men forward to the fort, with instructions to Gansevoort that he should give pursuit to the flying enemy. Numerous detachments were sent out, and quite a number of prisoners were brought in, together with all the spoil left behind by the fugitives. Among it was the writing-desk of Colonel St. Ledger, containing all the private papers, despatches, letters, orders, and so on. This was of much value, as it gave a vast deal of important information.

As soon as the country round about the fort was thoroughly cleared of the enemy, Arnold marched back with his men, to rejoin the main army under General Gates, Schuyler having been superseded during his absence. Gansevoort retired from the fort, and Colonel Willett was left in command of the garrison. Most of the settlers went forth to find them new homes—some to rear dwellings again upon the spots where the ashes of their old homes lay, and others to seek safer retreats. Much of their grain was yet growing in the fields, and straggling cattle were frequently found and brought home.

Philip Lancey concluded not to return as yet to his old place. Willett pressed him to remain at the fort, and he concluded to do so, at least, to make that his abiding-place.

Four days had passed away, and Jocko had not returned. Philip had become uneasy. But at ten o'clock on that night, the quaint negro came. He bore a large bundle in his hand, and he was worn and weary. There was blood upon his garments, and they were torn in many places. Before he spoke he motioned his master aside, and drew him away to a spot where no one could overhear.

"Fum, mark, let me tell you 'bout Miss Bella. You know Mark Walbridge?"

"Yes—very well."

"Dat Walbridge go dar, an' Miss Bella will run. Dey'll say dar for some time, I'se dreab. I staid round de house all night, an' I obersher'd ebbe ting. I'll tell you de hull story from de day ob Johnstown, what day'll rain more Tories dan de English army."

"Did you speak with Isabel?"

"No, mas'r. I feared for her. Dar war folks all 'round, an' ef dey'd ketched me dar de fun would 'a' come on her. No—I fought it best ar not."

"You were right, Jocko. But—did you—hear me—" The youth pressed his hand upon his heart, and finally got the question ; "Did you hear anything of marriage?"

"Yes, mas'r—"

"Ha! You! Married!"

"Yes, mas'r, I married. I heer'd 'em tellin' how de sodden fustication ob de camp perwented 'em from bein' married. It was all true, an' de day bad to run away afore de work war did."

Philip's heart was very freely, but yet he was far from being easy. If his rival was bent upon being married at once, might he not find an opportunity to wed Isabel? There was no one to prevent the marry very near to the residence of Walbridge, and the young man would walk to accost the disguised his fears, for he remarked, after having watched his master's face a few moments—

"I hoer'd de ole man say he find a good minister at Johnstown, an' dat dey hab fine weddin' dar."

"Ah!—you did?"

"Yes—"

"Then I am relieved. If she escapes that worst of fates, I shall be happy. Jocko, you know well what she, Jocko? What have you been doing since?"

Jocko cast an eager glance around, and then placed his bundle upon the floor, and untied it. It was several in bulk, and it was a dress which were great dabs of blood. It was bulky and heavy, and the negro had borne a heavy load distance. As he took out one article after another, he told his story. Now of scenes of death and ship, of conflict, of blood, of death. It was a strange story, and as the narrator proceeded, Philip became more deeply interested. He placed his head into Jocko's face, and finally seized his arm, and shook it violently as he poured forth the last words.

When all was told the things were gathered up, and the bundle was secured again. Philip grasped his servant's hand, and, in the fullness of his heart and strange agitation, he thanked him over and over again.

When our hero re-entered the fort, he proceeded at once to the commandant's quarters. He was. He was deeply moved by fear for Isabel's safety. But he could not rid his mind of the impression that Guy Bradbrook would not dare to force the matters to Johnstown to be married. The thought that Isabel was in the power of Guy, Fuller and Dowder in the maiden's hand, save that heaven-born claim of Guy's own, and he hoped that the latter would be hope that told him that her hand might yet be his. But if she were married now—if she were married, and Guy should claim her as his wife, and at the bare thought the youth felt his heart quake within him.

Philip found his father up. He took a seat near him, and he said—

"Father, I have found out where Isabel is."

"Ah—have you? Where is she?" the old man asked eagerly.

"She is at the house of Mark Walbridge, with Guy Bradbrook and Dowder and Fuller."

"She has not been harmed, has she?"

"I hope not, though she once sigh to it. All was prepared for her flight, and I hope, even to the presence of the minister, when the alarm came and they broke up their camp."

"And so she was not married?"

"Why, sairrrrrr! Philip said uneasily into his father's face. "She was saved for the time. But I am not even to feel as I had supposed you would feel."

Walter Lancey returned his son's gaze, and though he were cool, calm, yet it was apparent that a struggle was going on within.

"I do feel deeply, Philip," he at length replied. "but I am not sure that we had better move further in this matter."

"How? Not move further?" the youth repeated, with a convulsive start. "Not move further? Then you will not aid me?"

"Leave her where she must be left in a few—a few—days—and—and—Philip, but a few weeks."

"Are you mad, father?" the youth fairly shouted. "Have you forgotten your decision of only a few days ago? Oh, I see how fooled—my not to give her up thus!"

"Listen to me a moment, my son—"

"Listen! O—why speak then! Your very coolness tells me that you would try to call me from the rescue—that you would give her up to her persecutors without a movement in her behalf. O! if you love me—if you love Isabel—my not to—"

"Philip, my boy, it is because I love you both that I would have you follow my advice. Why

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would you follow a phantom, as though it were a thing of reality? You know that called me, my father's dying command upon her, and she cannot ignore it of? We may argue as we will—we may talk of her misery, of her loathing of Guy Bradbrook—of her love for another; and we may close the list by imagining what would have been her father's will now, had he lived. But all this does not remove the simple fact. Were she to become your wife, she could never raise her thoughts to Heaven, but the memory of her disobedience would chill her heart, and fill her with shame."

"Stop—stop!" cried the youth, impetuously. "You cannot mean what you say. How could her disobedience of a command which was given under an utter mistake, be always upon her? Oh, her father would be happy if, from his upper abode, he can witness the things of earth, he could see he made happy."

Age, my boy, but you are upon false ground. The world would have sent us to martyrs, if good men had forsaken their vows and obligations the moment a life of sorrow was apparent before them. The true Christian, suffering persecution and agony rather than disobey the commands of his dying Saviour, finds more joy in his hope of Heaven, than he could find in renouncing his faith, and living a life of more worldly comfort here on earth. And so it is, in a measure, with Isabel. If she believes her father's dying injunction, she will meet peacefully through all the trials of earth, in the final hope of meeting her father's smile of approbation in the world to come. She would not be true to herself, were she to vitiate the command that rests upon her. She could not be happy. If she realized that the wave living in accordance with the wishes of her fondly remembered parent, she could pass lightly over all the ills of earth in her realization of truth and duty. But were she now needed to you, she might part for short hours of delicious joy, but only to live a lifetime of regret and sorrow. As I said before, she would not dare to lift her soul to the spirit of her deceased father, for she could not say, 'My father, I have done what I have obeyed thee in all things.' Alas, no! Conscious guilt would be upon her, and all your love could not lift her soul from despondency. Weigh well my words, Philip, for God knows I speak only for your good, and I would cut down my poor life, if it could be of service to you. Apply to my death your happiness or misery, and you would give my life up this very night, as cheerfully as bear she now lives!"

The old man wiped a tear from his eye; and, as his son was too deeply moved to speak at once, he added,—

"My boy, I cannot forget that solemn hour during which I sat by the dying bed of your Aunt Carlton. I held his hand in my own, and to me he expressed his last wishes. His said to me,—'You will be a father to my child; and I wish you to look up to Guy's wife. I charge you—*be not for heart, by any wild freak, or other form of folly*.' And I promised that I would act. I gave him my solemn pledge that I would be as a father to her."

"And he visited that his child should remain with you until she was nineteen years of age," interrupted Philip, gladly.

"No, my father. She is not, nor am I the man to act in a manner—"

"Not all, father; for it may be so yet. Within the next four-and-twenty hours, she can be placed within your charge."

"And to our shame would it be?"

"Oh, no. You could not say so!" cried the youth, warmly. "She is now suffering much, and she looks to us for consolation."

"*Are you sure she is prepared to overstep the limit of her power?*"

"No, my father. She is not, nor am I the man to ask her to do so."

"Boy, my son!" uttered the old man, in surprise. "Would you not make the girl your wife if you could?"

"Not until she has passed her nineteenth year, that I may be sure to love a woman of such a virtue. But, O! the impression is strong upon me that Guy Bradbrook cannot live out each day. He has long been a most bitter partisan, and no one has contrived to make more enemies among those who know him. Even the Mrs. Johnsons and Butlers have not scorn among their own acquaintance. It is that long bitter scroll, and heart to run this risk. Think of it, my father—think of it with all your love for the noble girl to play. If she is married to Guy Bradbrook now, her fate is sealed, and misery must be her lot for life; but if we can snatch her from his power, she may be free when the appointed time comes. Oh! let me go and bring her to your home!"

"But think how much you must suffer if you have to give her up at length. Your love will be fanned to a brighter blaze, and the separation will come with more agony upon your heart."

"Let that go upon the wind, I regard. "Any risk is light when compared with the lasting gain you may be ours. Tell me to bring her to you, and you have my promise that I will not seek to win her from following her father's will; and if, at the time set for her union with Guy, the will's final claims her hand, I will say not one word against it."

"Will you promise this, my boy?"

"Aye—most solemnly."

The old man strode across the apartment several times, and when he finally stopped he was calm and composed.

"Philip, this is the second time you have overcome what, I fear, has been my better judgment. But if you must have it so, I will not see you miserable; but that I am do cannot. Go—go, my son—and bring Isabel to me if you can!"

CHAPTER XV

AN AMBUSCADE.

When Philip left his father he hastened at once to the quarters of Colonel Wilfred Willett, where he had the good fortune to find up. The commandant was at his desk, engaged in writing, but he stopped as he saw his nephew announced, and he motioned him to his chair second.

"Ah—Mr. Lindsey—up so late! What business now?" the colonel asked, as the young man approached his hand.

"A business which to me is of the utmost importance, sir."

"Aye—a lady, I'll wager a crown."

"You are right, sir. It is the lady who was so unceremoniously taken from us on the evening of the advent of Master Moss Van Swart. You remember that?"

"Slightly. But where is the maiden now?"

"At the house of that beast-legged Tory, Mark Wakelidge. She is there in charge of the two Bradbrooks and three of their men."

"By the best, sir, if you will bring me Guy Bradbrook and his father, I'll give you as many men as you want!"

"Do you want them?" asked Philip, with some embarrassment.

"Want them?" repeated Willett, with sudden energy. "Went to John Butler and the Johnsons? I'd have those two Bradbrooks. They are not only villains of the darkest dye, but they are among the most dangerous of our foes. By some of the private letters found in Sir Ledger's escritoire we have that Bradbrook fund that they had pledged to furnish a certain number of Tory recruits to His Majesty's army. It is there hunted, I think. And we furthermore found that they had already made preparations for the work. Places of rendezvous had been selected, and the plans of operation laid."

"Did you learn where these places were?" asked Philip, with much eagerness.

"No," replied Willett. "We found a letter from Nathan Bradbrook to Colonel Barry St. Ledger, and in it the old Tory said—————. But you will have the letter here."

Then speaking the colonel opened his desk, and took therefrom a package which was carefully enveloped in a piece of oil-cloth. He opened it, and selected the letter he sought, and having unfolded the missive he resumed.—

"Here it is: Bradbrook speaks first of the prospects of raising the recruits. He says,—*We can muster the three hundred and fifty*—all—three hundred and fifty, it seems. I very much wish we had inserted to it,—*the three hundred and fifty men enlisted recruits, for we know where most of them are to be found*. Then he adds, a little further on, with much glee,—*We found some places for musing—places of rendezvous—where we can muster our men in secret. Some are very spacious and ample, and where we think would our kinds of training for them. Others are small, but will serve them no less astonished of service. Grey, my son, has already set the ball in motion. We have a few trusty men around among the people, who will give us notice of requisite premises; and they are men who are more a warning label and a sharp knife. Grey, my son, is to be gone on, but this animates the pith of the whole matter. And furthermore, if I remember rightly concerning the contents of some letters which I brought from Sir John's camp, these same men have set a glorious example. Is it so, and how right?*

"Yes, sir," returned the youth, in a sort of absent manner; and then, instead of speaking further, he sighed across the floor. He paced it to and fro several times in thoughtful mood, and finally stopped by the commandant's side.

"Colonel," he said, with a degree of coldishness overspread his handsome features,—"why not let these men rest in peace? Why not let these Tory companies with they have been organized?"

"Ah—has love made you blind, my lad?"

"I will find them, even me!" said Philip, confidently.

"Yes? But how?"

"Never mind. I only pledge my word that you shall know where these men are to be found among them. Let Nathan Bradbrook and his son go at large, and you shall have a guide to every hole where they may hide. Is it a bargain?"

Willett gazed into the young man's face, and at first he went to look for a smile; but finding that no new how confident the pioneer was, and how earnest in his meaning, he began to think seriously of the subject.

"But how can you hope to gain this information?" he asked.

"You will pardon me, Colonel," the youth returned, somewhat hot kindly. "I would not for much depends upon secrecy. In this instance it is more than life, for more than life depends upon the instant penalty of detection, but one whom I love better than life would be doomed. I am confident of success,—so confident, that I shall risk much on the trial. Keep your men ready, and you shall have work for them to do at once. Shall it be a bargain?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Willett, promptly finally said. "It shall be so. I know I am letting two dangerous villains run who are now within my power, but upon your pledge I shall depend for a fortunate result to the Patriot cause."

"And you shall not be disappointed," added Philip, with assurance.

"And I pledge my present purpose," said Willett, smiling. "We must certainly rescue the maiden, and I suppose you will lead the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure they are still at Wakelidge's house?"

"I think they are. They intended to remain there until all was ready for the journey."

"And of course you wish to go to-night?"

"Yes, sir—as soon as possible. But I am not for from midnight. We can reach Wakelidge's by three o'clock by taking the upper road. The distance is not over fifteen miles."

"Then away you go. You may have as many men as you like."

"I shall take a dozen, certainly."

"And a sergeant with them. That will make thirteen. *Orderly!*"

The door was opened, and an orderly made his appearance.

"Send Sergeant Goode to me," was the colonel's order.

The sergeant—a stout, soldierly man—soon presented himself, and asked if there was any service for him.

"How would you like a bit of adventure?" Willett asked.

"Just the thing, sir."

"Then I want you to call your guard at once. They are all able, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then call them as soon as you can, and have them mounted in fifteen minutes. After that you will render implicit obedience to Mr. Lindsey here. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Then be off as soon as possible. Look to your arms, and have strong horses."

In less than the time mentioned the sergeant had his men ready without the fort, and Philip and Jocko were ready to join them. In as few words as possible our hero stated the object of the expedition, and then leading the way, the party rode at once into the same road Nathan Bradbrook had taken, as there was now no fear of encountering the old man.

For several miles the party rode at a brisk trot, but after they had passed the farm of Widow Lansley, and entered the way from which we saw the fugitive families emerge at the opening of a former day, the path became more narrow and dubious. There was no moon, but the heavens were clear, and the stars shone with a light by which the party was not difficult, though care was necessary, and at times the horsemen were led to pick their way. there being place beneath the dense forest thickets where the men could not see. No one spoke save he made than was necessary, for they knew not how many Indians might be lurking through the woods. They had heard of the conduct of the savages in killing and plundering their own allies, and they hence supposed that many of the red men had remained behind, though most of them would be likely to make their way beyond the lake as soon as possible.

The morning star was well above the tree-tops when the party reached the edge of Wakelidge's clearing, and from this Philip knew it must be very near the hour of dawn, as the star arose at twenty minutes past two. Slowly and cautiously the party approached the building, and the young man had pledged to furnish a certain number of Tory recruits to His Majesty's army. It is there hunted, I think. And we furthermore found that they had already made preparations for the work. Places of rendezvous had been selected, and the plans of operation laid."

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In ten minutes the negro returned and announced that all was still.

"Dar's no guard," he said. "an' I reckons dey hab a watch, but I didn't see him. Now I has jes' got fetch Miss Bella an' Phillis better see yer could do it. I len climb up to dar winder, an' don't get no one else awake, an' without any bodderation. Yo mus' elder do so, or ye mus' make a grand row, wal. I have the notice here."

Philip did not stop to consider long. He knew the character of his servant too well to suppose that he would offer to do a thing if he was not sure he could do it successfully. So he bade him go.

Jocko glided back to the house, and having found a small pole, he, by long enough, he reach the window of the room into which he had seen Miss Bella go. He lifted the sash without any noise, so that it could not move upon the ground. Upon this he made his way in the window, cradling like a cat. Then he slid, and when he had arrived, he had good fortune to find the sash partly raised.

The house was a common pseudo-ingress, with the front door in the centre, an entry running through to the kitchen, with a large apartment on each side in front, while in the rear were two, four rooms, two of which were bed-rooms. The front room on the left was occupied by the oldest daughter of the owner; and the apartments above were the same. The negro passed from room to room with a wide passage. John knew all this having been there not a night before, and he had, hence, no hesitancy.

The room was raised but a few inches, and had a small stick under it. Jocko raised it high enough to admit his hand, and having looked in he called two several times in a low tone.

"Who dar?" asked old Phillis, who chanced to first be awake. She had been lying with her head on the first board, the sound of the log against the window. She was the first bright beam of morning that she had seen and heard on the road came to her, and she wondered if it were not Jocko.

"It is me—Jocko."

"Am—I 'ought so. Whar is he?"

"He up yer Miss Bella. He'll get all 'loose' in it. But don't you make de loudest noise in de house."

Isabel was soon awake, and when she knew that Jocko was at the window as speculation of hope where she was to be. She was by there side over her shoulders, and then hastened to the place. The negro had told her that she would be seen like a huge ball against the clear, starlit sky.

"Yes it is I, good Jocko!" she said.

"See dem yer tears down dar?" he stammered, pointing to the maple grove which could just be seen through the window.

"Yes, Jocko."

"Dey's Massa dar an' Massa Philip and Clinton soldiers. Mus' be you come back. Your ole mammy has been sick, but she's better now. He say he hab a right to take care ob yer till ye is mistress, so he sent me? Philip to fetch yer. Will you?"

"How can I get out?"

"Jump out. I'll go to my old guardian!"

"Den dat's 'nuff. Hab ye got anything ye want to take wid you?"

"Only a few clothes."

"Let's hab um. Here, Phillis—you 'ist de winder and I'll take it. Be mighty still, for it's mighty, mighty early, an' Miss Bella yer right down jus' as easy as nothing. Now, Miss Bella!"

It required but a few moments for the maiden to prepare for the flight, and when she was ready she went to the window and sat down upon the sloe. She had not stopped to consider. She only felt that she was free from Guy Bradbrook, and her nerves and sensations—from ugliness and vulgarity, to the delicate and fair. She felt the glorious sunlight, at least. Of the future she thought not.

Jocko received her in his arms around the maiden's light form, and raised her to his side as he would have raised a child. To reach the ground there is not over three feet, and when the feet of her down he turned to assist Phillis; but that one was as yet too old and fat to attempt the leap, though her movements were somewhat clumsy, yet she reached the ground in safety, and Jocko set her off to where he had found it, and then led the way to the grove.

"Oh, I feel once free, as he caught the maiden by the hand, "my father has sent for you. He has left his sick bed to be with you, and you shall see him in a few minutes. Are you sorry to go?"

"Sorry?" the maiden answered, as the fair girl answered, clasping Philip's hand in both of her own. "God bless you, my brother, for all you have done for me!"

The maiden's head was bowed as she spoke, and Philip feared she was ill. He bent forward; but his heart beat wildly; and he knew he should be excited beyond measure by his emotions if he should speak. So he raised one of the small hands to his lips, and then turned towards his horse, which was held by one of the men. Jocko and Phillis, who had by one of the strange trepidation which seized upon the latter, were soon mounted behind Sergeant Goode.

"Will did not bring extra horses, Isabel," he said; "but I have one powerful enough to carry us both, if you will accept a seat with me."

"Certainly," the maiden answered.

"And Phillis can ride with Jocko."

"Jocko won't hurt her, will he?" said negress said.

"What—not here? Where is he?"

"I don't know. He didn't come all the way with us."

But the mystery was soon solved, for Phillis had scarcely spoken when Jocko made his appearance, leading two horses; or, rather, riding one, and leading the other. They were soddled and bridled, and Isabel and her attendant were soon in their saddles. Jocko had taken with him several articles from his house, so that the negro had run little risk in getting the animals.

The sergeant and Philip the party drew up in order, and, with Jocko on the lead, they set out. The sergeant's men coming next, Isabel and Phillis last, with the sergeant and his men, in single file in the rear.

The morning star was well up in the heavens, and ere long the smaller lights began to pale. By the time they reached the opening upon the western edge of Lansley's farm, the east was streaked with fire, and even the bright star of the morning had bidden its face before the coming of the most arch it had heralded.

The most direct path lay around the foot of the swell upon which the buildings had stood, but Philip had a desire to ride up, and take a look at the ruins of his home. The place where they had stopped was in a sort of ravine, the land rising abruptly upon either hand, and being covered with trees. They had not yet reached the clear land, three being a path which led up over the bank upon the left, direct to the spot where the house had stood.

"Shall we take a turn up over the hill?" asked Philip.

"Certainly," responded the sergeant. "We may find something among the ruins that will be useful."

He was cut short in his speech by a sharp cry from Jocko, and Jocko's cry was quickly drowned by the report of a rifle, and that even Philip's Lansley quaked with fear!

Let us now overcome our hero reached Isabel's side, and as he did so, full three score of Philip's forms emerged from the surrounding woods, and set up their warcry afresh. The horses were frightened, and most of them dashed off at full gallop. The animal which Isabel rode was a high-metalled racer belonging to Sir John Johnson, and which the bereaved had lent to Nathan Bradbrook. At the first appearance of the painted and bedizened savages, he had reared and plunged wildly, and then plunged forward at the top of his speed, clearing the air like an arrow. Philip saw her form sway to and fro, and then saw a powerful Indian who had opening to his path, he put spurs to his horse and dashed on. He saw two of the soldier's fall—he saw Jocko's horse rearing and plunging, and then he thought only of saving the fair maiden he had almost rescued.

Our hero had cleared the ravine, and was approaching the edge of a slight hollow, in the bottom of which the wounded close by him. His horse raised, shot, and, in the confusion that followed, he could not speak, shaking his head with a loud, painful snort, then he staggered a few steps, and finally fell to the ground, his bullet buried in his brain.

Philip leaped to his feet and drew both his pistols from his holsters, and then, for the first time, he received a blow upon the head that felled him to the ground. Extended a painful moment upon that his brain—he heard the horrible battle-cry of the savage foe—and he knew that about him were the dead and dying. There was a striking silence him—a sort of shaking of the heart and soul—and one he lifted himself to his feet. He made a mighty effort to recover himself. In the effort he opened his eyes, and in the bright beams of morning he saw that the sergeant and his men had fallen around him, and that the Indians were in possession of the field.

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[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A LETTER

FROM HETTY HEPBURN TO CLYDE PERCIVAL

——ACROSS OVER THE SEVEN.

For the last time, my dearest friend, for the last, for the last time, I am writing to you in the old-fashioned way. An hour hence and I shall be hundreds of miles from this wild, wave-girt land forever. I go to a bluer sky, and a balmier clime than this, but oh! I shall be sadder, a hundred fold, for the loss of the flashing breaks that forever tumble down the rugged headland slopes. I love the low, sad, and dreary rime of the lone blue hills—mellow sad dim as the distance—as the sad music of waves of the land. I love the flutter of wings in the dusty vines, and "the cricket's chirp of sorrow" is sweeter music to me than the song of the nightingale or the gayest melody of the land to which I go.

And then I will go to my old guardian!"

Then don't 'hurt. Hab ye got any'ting ye want to take wid you?"

"Only a few clothes."

"Let's hab um. Here, Phillis—you 'ist de winder and I'll take it. Be mighty still, for it's mighty, mighty early, an' Miss Bella yer right down jus' as easy as nothing. Now, Miss Bella!"

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FROM HETTY HEPBURN TO CLYDE PERCIVAL

——ACROSS OVER THE SEVEN.

For the last time, my dearest friend, for the last, for the last time, I am writing to you in the old-fashioned way. An hour hence and I shall be hundreds of miles from this wild, wave-girt land forever. I go to a bluer sky, and a balmier clime than this, but oh! I shall be sadder, a hundred fold, for the loss of the flashing breaks that forever tumble down the rugged headland slopes. I love the low, sad, and dreary rime of the lone blue hills—mellow sad dim as the distance—as the sad music of waves of the land. I love the flutter of wings in the dusty vines, and "the cricket's chirp of sorrow" is sweeter music to me than the song of the nightingale or the gayest melody of the land to which I go.

And then I will go to my old guardian!"

THE COMING WINTER

BY TAMAR ANNE KENDRIE.

What will the coming winter bring?
For the fleetest ones of earth,
Glowing grace, and cheerful heartsease,
And swords of joyful mirth.
The sweetest rosebuds carry summer thin
Will ring on the frosty air,
And laughter's melodies will make cold
From the great, the rich, and fair.

What will the coming winter bring
To Poverty's hungry heart?
A mournful wail—a gaunt despair,
And hunger's fearful mien.
A regret mocks the old year, and shield
The form from the frost-king's breath;
Tears and sighs, drowning cries,
And the icy touch of Death.

Charity folds her shining wings,
And smile (will she ne'er wait?)
Steps from the cloth for the starving poor,
That hope may be thine's again.
There are words, kindly hearts to heed
The call of her gentle voice;
They will be? 'tis a blessed thing to give,
Time go on their way and rejoice.

THE INN OF STANTON SQUARE.

A TALE OF OTHER LANDS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

[It was a man who told me the story—a man whose plain habit of black and white, with its gilt slip, and scarlet and purple, would at once give variance with her pleasant face and laughing eyes as could be imagined. He sat by the gas burner in the parlor of the convent, with the bright sunshine streaming in at the high casements, that the warm breeze of an English summer playing among the branches of the poplar trees outside. In those cloisters, the distant noise of the great city of London seemed like the murmuring of a hive of bees, and now and then, the mournful swell of an organ in a neighboring monastery came across the quiet grounds, like the cry of a spirit in pain. It was a place, and amid a thousand associations of this kind, I listened to the story of *Sister Marie.*]

"I was not always as you see me now," she began. "In my eighteenth year I was gay and worldly. I thought I was truly happy; but alas! I knew little of true happiness then.

"I was the only child of a father who listened to my every wish indulgently. When, therefore, I expressed a desire to travel abroad, it was granted at once, and we set sail from my beautiful native land. My mother's death, I remembered, lending out suddenly into enthusiasm, "Oh! shall I ever see her more?" Impulsively, my hair, too, oh! my own dear home is there still?"

She smiled a grave, sweet smile, and touched the crucifix she wore.

"My duty is here. Here I shall live and die," but Heaven looks on America as well as on England. I shall see my country yet. Now let me go on with my story, for the day is wearing away, and the vespers are near.

"Our journey was at first delayed, and then hurried. We waited not on the vessel we had selected, but, as fate would have it, on another, which was first. On board that vessel were two Roman Catholic priests.

"Ah! and that is the way you became a nun?" I cried.

"You jump hastily at conclusions. No, that was not the way. It was much more dreadful—but God's will be done! I was bitterly prejudiced against the Roman Catholic church—I thought it was nothing but a sink of iniquity, and should have avoided her priests as the emissaries of Satan, himself, had I known who they were. But in their long, straight cassocks, and broad-brimmed, black hats, do you know, I took them to be professors in some American college, and regarded with that freely every day."

She stopped so heartily at the recollection at her ignorance, that I could not help smiling, too.

"You see I professed to be a Christian of Edinburgh, the two priests, and my father and myself. We occupied a private set. Two seats were vacant, and at the second station a swarthy, black-browed man, wrapped in a large cloak (although it was in the month of August) took one of them, and after a survey of our party, drew his slouched hat over his eyes, and appeared to go to sleep. Throughout my whole life, I have been the victim of sudden presentiments, which generally come when or important was about to occur, and from the moment this man entered, my anxiety deepened on me; and I sat silent, listening to the rest, but without smiling even at their most ludicrous remarks. My head was aching on my hand, and my heart was exactly opposite that of the new comer. Gleaming the way, I was struck by the grace of his fierce black eyes, so bright and sharp as steel, that were fast open one moment, and closed (or rather of his shoulder) but with a glance of hatred that could not well be mistaken, even by such a novice as myself. I held my breath instinctively, and was about to start up to see who it could be. But prudence for once restrained me, and I changed my position cautiously, till I could look, without any apparent effort of curiosity, where he was looking. To my astonishment, I saw that his eyes were directed upon Father Bernard, (as he had requested to call himself) who was reading his breviary very intently, little dreaming of the eyes that were bent upon him.

"What could it mean? I sank back in my seat, and thought of a dagger, evil enough in dispelling over so—some great sorrow which could not be averted. Was it danger for him—for me—for any of whom I loved? I was disturbed during the long voyage at sea? While I was musing over these things, the shade of evening at last gave began to sound, and in a few moments we were in London.

"We drove to the same place—the Inn in Stanton Square—in three carriages, and during the bustle that succeeded our arrival, I had little time to remember my forebodings. My father and myself dined alone in our private sitting-room, and afterwards went out to visit Westminster Abbey; the lieutenant and his wife bade us a laughing farewell, and started for Portsmouth; the American gentleman went, directly after dinner, in the special train to Edinburgh, and the two priests went out together in a cab, to visit some friends. I was thinking how soon the party had broken up, as I strolled through the chapels of the Abbey with my father, listening to the drop voice of the guide who attended us, when, just as we were leaving the chapel of Edward the Confessor, with its dark figures, wrapped in a cloak, glide past me, and disappear in the distance. I started, if accident so like the one which had haunted me. But before I could speak to my father, I thought that he had already left us, and we saw him no more with us those walls.

"The sun was setting when we left the Abbey, and after a pleasant sail down the Thames, as far as London Bridge, of memory, we ascended once our inn in time for a sumptuous English tea. Our dinner had been very early, and I was glad to see the hissing urn, the crisp toast, and the clear marmalade upon the table. But it seemed hours since only us two in that great room. My father went out to find our friends, the priests. They, too, were sitting in solitary state, and would not join us. With the blazing lights that filled every nook and corner of the room, and the sound of a thousand dancing glasses, the well-spread table, and the cheerful waiters in attendance, it would needs a picture of domestic peace and quiet, such as is seldom seen, even in this most hospitable of countries.

"Our inn was a very old one. Some parts of the main building had been standing more than a hundred years. The walls were covered with old pictures, whose subjects were taken from the coronet; the halls were connected with each other by galleries thrown across from the second story, over the court below; the staircases were wide and rudely carved, and ponderous enough to furnish a modern house from top to bottom with ease. It was second to have been procured at a sale of antiquated furniture, and I was glad my father appeared so curiously carved, and stamped upon the back with coats of arms. I supposed England to live in a place like this. But when the twilight came on at last, and the taciturn chambermaid showed me my room, after I had bidden my father good night, my exhilaration cooled a little. The room allotted to me was spacious, and had a very low, solemn beds, whose closely drawn curtains suggested thoughts of gloomy secrets and deeds of assassinat, and ready to spring upon me when I was most unprepared. The furniture was as antiquated as that below, and the China vases on the toilet table was painted with monsters and dragons that would have been the delight of children in the days's heart in the seventeenth century. In addition to this, the second floor was reached by only a pair of steps placed between them, that vexatiled to my mind. I know not why, a certain chamber in the Tower of London, where the two little princes and his brother were smothered, by the order of the tyrant, Richard, the Third, was always the one I could bed, stood half open, and showed me a smaller chamber, containing a single bedstead, a toilet table, and an easy chair, and lighted by a window that looked out upon the court below.

"It may have been very foolish, but I felt that sleep would laugh me to scorn if I wooed her from such a pillow. I could not stay in that lonely room, come what would. And turning to the chambermaid, I asked:

"'Where does my father sleep?'

"'On the floor above, miss, if you please.'

"I did not please. Something, I felt convinced, was about to happen to me that night. I determined to have my father near me. I followed her, of course, without giving her my reasons. She ushered me to his door.

"I don't see but one way, Miss, for we have very few rooms vacant now. But the two gentlemen would not object, their luggage might be put in this double room, and then I could give you one of their small rooms next door. They are other. They open into each other, Miss, by an inner door. I will show them to you, if you please. They are only the other side of the hall.'

"I followed her, and found the two rooms which had been assigned to the priests. They were small, tight, airy—just what I wanted.

"'Be so good as to wait a moment,' I said to her, and then I ran down to find my father. I heard them talking as I approached the door, and paused to listen, from habit by nause. He came out to me at once.

"'Well, Tom, what is it?'

"I told him. He laughed good-naturedly lit my folly, but performed his errand, and returned with the message that the rooms were engaged for the service; on hearing which, the chambermaid rang for the porter, and I was soon installed in the new quarters.

"Many people seem to like those rooms,' she said, as she lingered a moment before leaving me. 'We have had a gentleman looking at them this evening. He asked very particularly about the occupied them, and when I told him they were all at once, though I think he must have known himself. But he is a very polite gentleman.'

"'How does he look?' I asked, suddenly.

"'He is very dark, Miss, and wears his hair and beard long. His eyes are as bright and black, and his words are as white as snow. He is a very handsome man, Miss.'

"It was evident that the chambermaid was deeply smitten. But a horrible suspicion seized upon me as I heard her description.

"'Does he wear a cloak?' I asked.

"'Yes, Miss. He seemed to want them very much, and asked if the gentlemen were going to keep them to-night. I told him they were. And then he asked me if either of them was a priest.'

"My heart beat so loudly I was afraid she would hear it.

"'And what did you say?'

"'An expressive smile played around her full lips.

"'Of course I told him they were not, Miss. In hope the Inn in Stanton Square will never be cursed by the presence of a Catholic! No, Miss, I told him they were American gentlemen; and then he seemed to think they might be friends of his. So he asked me how they were dressed.'

"'And you told him?'

"'Yes, Miss.'

"'What did he do then?'

"'He said that he was mistaken in the person, and then he took his light and went up to bed.'

"'He is in this house, then?' I exclaimed.

"'Yes, Miss,' she said, looking earnestly at me, as if she wondered at the curiosity I display.d. 'He is on the floor above.'

"'That will do. You may call me at seven to-morrow. We wish to breakfast early.'

"'Thank you, Miss. I wish you good night, Miss.'

"I thought long of what she had told me after she had gone. I did not like the close inquiries made by the man, when I remembered the glance I had seen him fix upon Father Bernard the morning. And what could the meaning of that glance be? I was sure that it was not known to him? I waited anxiously for my father to come up stairs, that I might tell him all.

"He came at last. I heard him my good-night to his companions—heard the door of their room close behind them, and then I entered his.

"What—still up, Marie?' he said, as I came beside his chair.

"'Father, I cannot sleep.'

"Strange!' he said, looking at me attentively. 'Your friend, Father Bernard, as you call him, left me but some words, only a moment ago. He thinks the air of London is oppressive.'

"'Oh—it is not that,' I said. "It is a warning sent to me by God.'

"My father looked at me as if he thought I was insane. Then, when I told him all I had heard from the servant, his face changed, and he drew me from opening out of his. If the man means mischief to Father Bernard, he will have to force a door without waking both the brothers, or even me!"

"I had not thought of the second dangerous room to me that they were not. As he opened the half door for a moment, I heard the cheerful voice of Father Bernard, and saw him sitting at his breviary.

"I was thinking of your mother, Marie,' he said, 'as you were coming up stairs. You look so much like her—nay, even your voice and gesture are the same. Ah! my fancy and my heart come back to me, at times. Dear child, I know not why I love you. Even your new-found friend, the good priest, can have no greater power over me, can he?'

"'No father,—no one can ever do that. You know it!'

"'Yes, I believe I do,' he answered, smoothing my hair with a gentle hand. 'You have been a dear daughter to me, having no other. God bless you for it. Now good-night—don't forget to say your little prayer to-night, my darling, before you sleep.'

"To my father I was but a little child still. It was just as I had left on his night's adieu to him me. I kissed him once more, and went to my own room with a pang that I could scarcely stifle. The door between us.

"I did not undress. A voice seemed constantly whispering in my ear to be on my guard. I knew I never might happen. I walked my floor a long, long time. At last, when I could bear mind even the street sighting it were perfectly still, I laid down, but not to sleep. I remained in a few moments, but a dream.

"I dreamed a terrible dream. I thought the curtains of my bed were drawn rudely apart, and showed the room lit by a single lamp. On table, clothes, and mantlepiece were nothing but the priest's habits. Father Bernard was kneeling towards me. In the centre of the room was a coffin, and over it stood the priests. I thought I rose from my bed and approached it. I raised the lid, and looked within. There lay my father, with my dear and honored father!—and as I bent over him, but cold and motionless in death, with his hands folded on his breast, and a rosary twined in his breast! As I looked upon him, dumb with grief, I saw his eyes open in his head, and he spoke in a suppressed voice:

"'Marie, come and see it is nearly daylight. What does all this mean? Has the devil converted me, at last?'

"The words were ringing in my ear when I awoke. And yet it did not sound like my father's voice. It had a hollow, sepulchral tone. Only half-conscious of what was passing around me, I yet knew that some fearful thing was going in the room. Was it my father? Was he ill?

"Just as I was about to speak his name, I happened to look at the priests, and saw that they were both dumb. The Italian was making his way cautiously, and I saw him open his hand to hold a lighted candle, which he shielded carefully from every breath of wind, and then turn to look upon his gleaming poignard! Without doubt he had been well advised my heart, and but for the friendly light that he held in his hand, I should think he was walking now? Ah, I knew only too well. The priest in his vestures was the false priest who had sleeping there—it was Father Bernard whom he had come to murder. I slipped quietly out of bed, and would become his victim unless I could warn him of his danger, and save him from it.

"I sprung back, and spoke as near as the soft turning of the latch warned me that the assassin had left the door, and hurried into my father's room. The good old man was sleeping like a child; but when I touched his hand, and called him in a low whisper, he awoke in an instant.

"'Marie—what brings you here, my child? Is it morning?'

"'Oh, hush, I whispered, in agony: 'Do not be excited! It is all as I feared. That man has only this instant left my room, and now he is searching for the priest! Oh! rise, father—or we shall be too late!'

"Give me my dressing-gown quick, child. It lays on the chair.'

"I found it by the light of the moon that streamed in through the window. He threw it around him, and followed me into my chamber

"'You are dressed, my child. That is well. Now remain in here till I return. Do not stir, on—'

"'Father,' I said, resolutely, 'I am going with you.'

"Marie, my child, there may be bloodshed and death—'

"And I will share it with you. Father, do not delay, for the love of God!'

"I opened the door softly, and stepped over the threshold. He said no more, but he pressed my hand tightly as we glided through the dark passage, and I heard him sigh.

"The faint gleam of the murderer's lamp guided me when we reached the door of the double-door, which was ajar. We shrunk back in the shadow, almost thinking that our breath would betray us. I saw at once that both beds were untouched. I also saw—what my father at first did not—the figure of the priest, himself, sitting beside the little table in the alcove. His brevitary was lying open before him, and the candle had burned down almost to the socket. He was still dressed, and his apparently fallen asleep through fatigue, for his head was lying upon his folded arms, and his dark-brown curls were scattered over the open book, and his face.

"I pointed him out to my father, and leaned forward to see what the Italian was doing. He had, apparently, missed his prey, and finding the beds empty, had visited the smaller bed-room, but in vain. As he paused by the door, I heard him uttering curses in his own native tongue. They died upon his lips, however, when his eye fell upon the sleeping figure in the recess, at the other end of the room. He drew down his lamp, drew himself up to his full height, and uttered a long-drawn sigh, as the purpose was almost accomplished.

"He glided stealthily up behind the chair of the priest, and lifted his stiletto on high. He raised his glittering poignard high in the air.

"'This blow is for Torren Mouth,' he cried, in a terrible voice.

"It fell—but not where it was intended. I saw that he had struck the wrong priest, and before I could utter a cry, my father had thrown himself between the form of my father. The Italian was struggling in fervently in the powerful grasp of Father Bernard, who had started from his sleep too late to save his companion. The room was filling with the inmates of the household, male and female, who had been roused by the noise of the struggle, and Father Bernard, who had already wrested the dagger from the man his way to the assistance of his brother. All was confusion, weeping, and clamor. And in the midst of such a turmoil the being I loved best on earth lay weltering in blood!

"'Help me, brother!' I heard Father Bernard shout. 'It is Lodgi Mouti.'

"As if the sound of his own name served him to desperation, the ruffian wrenched himself from his grasp, and fled.

"Ah, what a scene was that! The servants removed the quivering body of the dead man with the most unfeeling, and the two priests knelt beside me and my dying father. Father Bernard raised his head, and he wiped the death damps from his forehead, and whispered words of good cheer to the departing soul.

"'I die a Protestant,' said my father, feebly. 'I die in a good cause, and I believe God will pardon me for what he has let me. But, my child—my Marie! Sir, I charge you, as you have a soul to be saved, to look to her who is about to orphan for your sake. I have her in your care—at the judgment-seat I will require her of you!'

"'And may God forsake me if I do not always set your place so far as in my power lies,' said the priest, solemnly.

"I am content to die. Kiss me, Marie.'

"I threw my arms around his neck, and heard my father speak," added the poor nun, wiping her eyes. "It was the last many moments before I was an orphan. But the good priest soothed me with that cold corpse, and talked so beautifully of the future life we were now my father had entered, that his last earthly act, that I was consoled. They took me to their home in London, to the house of churchyard of St. Pauls, where he had always resided as his curate. But oh! it was a bitter day for me, when I heard the noble dust was lowered into its cotte. Even now, though I believe he is safe and happy in Heaven, I can only weep when I remember him. He was all I had to love. I loved him with too much, a sense of his kindness to me. Well—I can say now, what it was utterly impossible for me to say then, 'Not my will, oh Father, but thine be done!'

She kissed the crucifix she wore, and sighed.

"I am sorry I am a Protestant. Only I cannot, I said, gently.

"'Time will do its part. But I cannot make you understand the feeling that came over me at Father's death. Oh, Marie, Gods is a stranger in a strange land, with no one but him to care for him. The world lost all its charms. I longed for a quiet home. I longed for a religion which should remain certain me. I found both within these walls, and I thank God for it every day. I have found all and rest to him.'

"'And where is Father Bernard?' I asked.

A sudden shadow passed over the composed face of the nun.

"Father Bernard is now in Heaven," she said, speaking very slowly and musically.

"He died—and I watched by him and she saw it.

"But it is not long since he died," she added. "He lived to receive me into the church, and guide and instruct me in the way I should go. Ah!—here is our thing he has left me."

She opened a little ebony box that stood on the table, and took from it a small, thick volume. It was quite large, and richly carved. On the reverse side was the name of the author, "Bernard Gordon," and the inscription—"Oh, pray for me when I am gone."

I gave it back to her reverently. The souvenirs of the dead are always sacred to me, and this book was one of the most touching I had seen for moments.

Will you tell me why the Italian pursued the priest with such hatred?" I asked.

A faint flush traversed her smooth cheek.

"Lodgi Mouti was the murderer of one of the noblest Italian families. He was left, while yet a youth, with the last of its father's name, and the only protector of his infant sister, Teresa, whom he passionately loved. As she grew up, she became beset she was very beautiful. Many pleaded for her hand; but she was cold, and her brother was proud. He was determined that she should wed a wed her equal. But at last she saw and loved a young officer—a Greek, of humble birth and extraction, and who was without fortune. She knew well that her brother would brook of such an attachment, when it was once discovered, and fled with him to Rome, to wed her lover privately. Lodgi was furious when the village were brought to him. He swore to be revenged, and so he did he keep his oath, that before a month had passed he killed the young captain in a street quarrel, and drove his sister almost distracted. She never wished to look upon his face again, and entered the convent of the Sisters of Compassion. Over this convent Father Bernard had some influence, and it was to him that Lodgi came for help. Of course it was refused, for the church grants a home and protection to all who require it. Medicated by his repented disappointment, Lodgi tried to take the life of the priest who refused to withstand him. In the first attempt he failed. In the second, he would have succeeded but for the mercy of God, who appointed my dear father, and my own gentle self, as the instruments of his salvation. And, oh! that life was well given that preserved, though only for a few short years, the existence of so good a man. It was a happy death to die. I would that mine could be but like it."

"And Father Thomas?"

"Is now in Jerusalem, on a pilgrimage. Before many months go by, he will be near us again. He is a brother of the monastery near by us, and is only absent for a little while. It was the wish of Father Bernard that he should go on a pilgrimage, who feared that, to share his pilgrimage with him. But I knew his secret, and knew that in the prayers that are uttered there, and his eyes are ever turned, he will be in my dear Father's mind now. And after all, it matters but little if our fondest wishes are granted us or not, since every thought and deed is known to the Omniscient Ideas all. There are many joys I am content to be here without, many sorrows I am ready to share. I think of that blessed country where I have seen so many go before me, and look forward to the time where I shall one day meet them all, and know them, even as I know them here on earth, only far more pure and holy.

I was silent. To me it seemed a dreary life. And did she ever so young as she is, she will be longed to see her in her own proper place—in the world. I looked at her, and she met me only sighed and smiled, and shook her head.

"You little know what you say," was her gentle answer. "I am not fit for the world. I am happier as a Protestant—show the same forbearance to me that you have done."

"Answer me but one question, and I will," I replied. "Why do you wear the crucifix?"

She looked at me a moment, and raised her crucifix to her lips.

"I believe I am living my duty, and that reunites me. The world has nothing more for me—and I am ready to go. Shall I tell you why?"

Only half satisfied with this enigmatical answer, I nodded, and she began to speak, and to open the silent grounds.

"I have said like to see his grave—the grave of Father Bernard," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "I can procure you admittance to the cloisters, and the monastery near by, where he is buried."

"Is as if you please."

She wrote a little note at the side table, and put it in her hand.

"Go down the avenues that leads to the grounds," she said, "and the person who has charge of them will direct you to the cloisters of the Order. The grave is the last upon the right hand side of the monastery, and the two priests stand near it.

The bell for vespers began to toll as she ceased speaking. I rose to depart, and looked up into her eyes, for I knew I should never meet her again, and she had been very kind to me.

"I shall see you in many years in Heaven," she murmured, and kissing me tenderly, she glided away from the apartment, and was lost among the numerous black-robed forms that began to wend their way across the court where I was standing, to her chapel.

I went directly to the cemetery, and was admitted by a lay brother, who led me through the gate of Sister Marie. The grounds were small, but filled with the tombs of the dead of many years. Beautiful flowers were blossoming on every grave, and in the grand old trees that shaded the path, many an English bird was singing.

I found the grave of Father Bernard without the least difficulty. It was in a lonely spot, close to the sheltering wall, overgrown with ivy, rank weeds, and long grass. A large cross of iron across at its head were carved the words, "Ora pro nobis." I stood beside it for a few minutes. I had heard them singing to others in my own dear native land, but never had I heard such a sweet, and solemn, and delightful service as again. I loved these English hymns, and the English twilight—was deepening into dusk, before I aroused myself from the reverie that had fallen upon me. I cast one last look at the grave beneath my feet—I looked around upon the scenery of the gentle Sister Marie, and walked slowly out of the gate. The lay brother of Protestant church had ceased so soft, but I heard the sound of the organ, and the voices of the choir of the organ of the monastery seemed to question and answer each other in the sweet, yet mournful tone.

I was an enchanted hour. But it passed too soon, as all happy hours will do. I was driven from gate of the cemetery clang behind me, and I found myself in the bewildering world of London, like one who walks in a dream!

TURKISH MODE OF MAKING COFFEE.

The Turkish way of making coffee produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. The berry is roasted to a shade lighter than a chestnut, and calculated to hold two table-spoonsful of water, and dropped into the pot. The fresh-roasted berry is pounded, not ground, and about a tablespoonful is put into the mixture before it is then nearly filled with water and boiled. Some use cloves, a few seconds suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits into a brass socket much in the shape of an acorn-cup, and holding the china cup so that does the worm hand from the heat. Sugar is added to the decoction boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid. It is taken after meals, and a person would be thought to spoil it; and European, after a little practice, soon get to prefer the delicious Indian drink in France. In every but you will see these coffee-berries roasted, and the means for pounding the roasted berry will be found at hand.

There is nothing so agreeable to nature or so conducive to any affair, whether in prosperity or adversity, as friendship.

ANNIE OF THE WABASH.

BY ALICE CARY.

On the banks of Wabash,
  Lighting up their shades,
Lives my beauteous Annie,
  Sweetest maid of maids.
Cheeks as red as roses—
  Clouds of amber hair ;
On the banks of Wabash
  None are half so fair !

Annie was my sweetheart
  Long years away,
But working in the summer corn,
  We fell out, one day.
So I lost my Annie,
  And for her smiling sweet
I'm dying by the river-wave
  That murmurs at her feet.

Woody banks of Wabash,
  I'm jealous of your boughs,
That kiss the face of Annie,
  When she's calling home her cows.
I hate ye, winds of Wabash,
  For every day you steal,
And whisper love to Annie,
  As she's sitting at her wheel.

Prairie banks of Wabash,
  'Tis not your sunny days
That set your grassy reaches
  With blossoms all a-blaze.
Dim and dewy dingles,
  'Tis not your birds at all
That make the air one warble,
  From rainy spring till fall.

Oh, haughty heart of Annie !
  You will never melt, I know,
And be kind to me and sweet to me,
  As in the long ago ;
Ere we fell out a-working in
  The summer corn one day,—
So on the banks of Wabash
  I must sigh my soul away.

THE LADY SEAMSTRESS;

OR,

STANDING UP FOR THE RIGHT.

Our friend Job is a bachelor and a woman hater. How much the rumor that a certain young lady on whom he had once fixed his affections, and to whom he was engaged, "disappointed" him by running off at the eleventh hour with another, has to do with this feeling, we may not take upon us to say. But the fact is patent to all his acquaintance, that he regards the gentle sex with an aversion, which is equaled only by his admiration of the laws and institutions of his native New Jersey, which, Job insists with characteristic emphaticalness, is *not* a foreign nation.

Be this as it may, Job's dislike of the gentle sex is so well known to us, that it was with pure, unadulterated astonishment, we, the other evening, at early dusk, beheld him, with a grace that would have reflected credit upon the breeding of a courtier, lift his broad-brim to a passing seamstress, whose neat, modest demeanor, blended, as it was, with a sort of religious dignity, had already attracted our attention.

"Why, Job!" we exclaimed. "That was a woman!"

"I am aware of that," he replied, with the calm of a man who has satisfactory reasons for what he has done, and stands in awe of no tribunal for its opinion or judgment of the same.

"O—I see," said we. "The great woman-hater captured at last. A mild, fair face, a pair of saintly blue eyes, a modest black bonnet, and a neat half-mourning print upon a slender form, with a dignified air, and a soft, noiseless, graceful carriage, have led him to recant, to yield, to add another to the innumerable host of matrimonial martyrs. The old story. Woman too much for him. Ha! ha!"

But Job was undisturbed by the banter.

"That woman," said he, with a sturdy dignity, which we never perceive in him except on extraordinary occasions—"that woman, though only a poor seamstress, is worthy of your respect and mine. She is one in a million—a heroine in humble life—than whom a nobler, truer, braver, has not lived since Ruth!"

Our friend's air and manner checked our mirth. We saw in an instant that we were at fault in guessing at the probable cause of his departure from his customary deportment towards the fair. At the same time, his remark highly excited our curiosity.

"That woman," said Job, his usually calm eye kindling with enthusiasm, "is an ornament to our century—one of the salt of the earth—a living witness of a living principle—a brilliant instance of the chivalrous, self-sacrificing spirit which distinguishes the True from the Faithless. I honor the cause when I honor its champions; I honor myself when I do honor to those that are worthy of it!"

Job was roused, and we walked on a few moments in silence.

"That woman," began our friend, at length, "is one of the few of the sex, who, ignoring self, stand up, like true women, for the Right!"

"Job—Job!" we exclaimed. "Have mercy upon a poor fellow's curiosity, and come at once to the facts!"

Job hemmed. In fact, he was more excited than ourself; but he cooled down ere long, and began again.

"That woman," he said, "was, two years since, one of twenty shop-girls in a certain establishment down——(he gave us the names, but it is unnecessary to use them.) She was noticeable among her mates for her reserve, her industry, and her neatness. Her moral superiority, her modest dignity, and her tidy, lady-like air, attracted the attention of one of the firm, who, after a few months' attention, proposed, was accepted, and shortly became her husband."

"Go on," said we; for we could not comprehend how the wife of a wealthy merchant could be earning the humble pittance of a seamstress.

"The man," continued Job, "is of a proud, wealthy old Knickerbocker family, who did all they could to persuade him from disgracing (!) his blood by an alliance with so vulgar a person as a poor needle-woman; but finding him resolute, they allowed him to have his way. The marriage took place, but the snobs determined not to disgrace *themselves* by appearing at the wedding, or countenancing, in any way, the 'odious creachah.' The bridegroom, who has all the obstinacy of his race, resolved that they should, and gave, at the end of the honeymoon, a large party, which he insisted upon their attending. His will being the stronger of the two, they yielded, attended the party, and did all honor to the bride, who, however, with a quiet dignity which made their blood tingle to their finger-ends, gave them to know and to feel their distance!"

"Bravo!" we exclaimed. "'Tis better than a novel!"

"So far the romance," observed Job; "now for the reality. The lady, who received, but never returned, the visits of her new relatives, discovered, in the course of a few months, that she had got into a family who, with all their wealth and family pride, were exceedingly small potatoes."

"That is not her expression?" we said, inquiringly; for the idea of a heroine using such phrases as "small potatoes," rather detracted, in our estimation, from the dignity of her individuality.

"No," said Job, "it is mine. But you must let me tell the story in my own language, or I shall excuse myself from telling it at all."

"Go on, proceed, continue, push ahead, most respectable and respected son of the great empire of New Jersey, whose prolific soil surely never produced a greater tuber than thee."

"None of your nonsense!" said Job, bridling up. "I'd have you to know——"

"Son of New Jersey, I am listening!"

"They made great display," said Job, "but it was principally at the expense of their clerks, workwomen and servants whom they ground down to the merest pittance and even this they paid grudgingly. They lived like princes before company, but privately on the meagerest fare. There is a rumor that a poor rat, who had found his way from an apothecary's to one of their establishments, after making an inspection of the larder, in despair committed suicide, as preferable to famine by inches."

"Do you vouch for that?" we inquired.

"They pinched the butcher," continued Job, regardless of the interrogatory, "the baker, the grocer, the shoemaker—all, everybody with whom they had to do. They carried their meanness into everything. This was, however, the least of their vices."

"Spare us, O son of New Jersey—spare us!" we exclaimed, with a gesture half deprecating, half imploring.

"The husband of my fair friend had all the mosquito characteristics of his family. He was proud, penurious, selfish and contemptible. He made a sumptuous and magnificent show; but—it was *all* show. Except before company, his household literally lived in constant hunger. All this, however, was honorable. But there was that which, to a decent mind, was not. The man paid his bills with a grudging hand; he was small in all small things; he would pay his servants their scant wages in bank notes which he could not pass off in trade, because of their heavy discount; he would cut down, dispute, and fight to the last gasp every bill, however small or large; nothing was too scurvy—nothing too contemptible. To crown his individuality, he was a specious hypocrite, a steady cheat, an inveterate liar!"

"O, Job, last of the offspring of Eunice and Ebenezer! How mildly thou drawest him!"

"Slowly and by degrees," resumed Job, not heeding our remark, "the rank knavery of the patrician husband broke upon the young wife, who had been trained in a different school by poor but worthy parents, who, dying, had left to her for her sole inheritance a spotless name, and their own religious loyalty to God's honesty and truth!"

We pricked up our ears.

"She meditated," pursued Job, "meditated and prayed. She could not countenance falsehood, would have no part with deceit, shrunk from eating the bread of knavery.

"Slowly but firmly she came to a decision.

"After taking such steps as her judgment suggested, she sent for her husband, his relatives, and three respectable witnesses, none of whom could comprehend the brief but imperative summons.

"They were scarcely seated in the drawing-room, when she suddenly appeared before them in the plain, simple dress which she wore when a seamstress. In one hand she held a paper, in the other, a few articles in a handkerchief.

"Before the astonished assembly, she, in a firm but modest voice, relinquished, from that moment, all right and title to her husband's name, to his gifts of money, jewels and dresses, and to his property; released him forever from all obligation to support her; authorized him to take such legal steps as he throught proper for a divorce; and then, after explaining, in few but very intelligible words, her reasons for the step, handed the paper, which was a formal and duly executed renunciation of her claims as his wife, to her confused husband, and calling upon the witnesses to observe the freeness and sincerity with which she delivered it, she bowed to the bewildered assembly, left the room, and went out into the world, to earn with the needle, as before, BREAD OF WHICH SHE SHOULD NOT BE ASHAMED!

FRUITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

With the onward march of education and popular intelligence—mightily aided by the press—so characteristic of our age, how conspicuously do we mark the subjugation of the sterner elements which composed the social system of but a few generations past. As knowledge diffuses, the race becomes more humane. The tyrannical oppressions of coarse and brutal natures, so rife in the feudal days, have vanished, as the light of civilization discovered their deformity and ugliness. The spirit of universal good-will more and more animates mankind, and the world grows more and more weary of the antiquated heresy that would devote nine-tenths of our species to the degrading condition of vassals and slaves—little better than beasts of burthen. In the "dark," and not very remote ages, the monks of Europe were the close custodians and censors of learning—now the accumulated wealth of literature and knowledge is accessible to all. In those benighted days, when church and State dignitaries could seldom write their names, what wonder that intercourse was rude, and pastimes coarse and cruel? To the genius of popular instruction the world owes the fair metamorphosis of society. This has accelerated all the springs of human industry, made the earth a busy hive of curious artizans and noble thinkers, and dotted the ocean with peaceful commerce. This has caused the declension of crime and misery, by inducing the conciliatory, in place of the old coercive discipline. We live in the golden age of the world, when every day sees man more and more exalted, as man, and when mankind are fast illustrating the brotherhood due to their common, divine paternity.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MECHANIC, who says he has "received a good common education, and quite thorough as far as it goes," wants some advice as to how he can make his future reading and study the most profitable. In the first place, you should select good works, which you will undoubtedly do, as your letter indicates the possession on your part of a naturally refined taste and strong common sense. Books of importance of any kind, and especially complete treatises on any subject, should be first read in a general and cursory manner, to learn a little what the treatise promises, and what may be expected from the writer's manner and skill; and because there may be many difficulties in the work, which you cannot easily understand and conquer at the first reading, for want of a fuller comprehension of the author's whole scheme. And, therefore, in such treatises you should not stay until you master every difficulty at the first perusal, for perhaps many of these would appear to be solved when you have proceeded further in the book, or would vanish of themselves upon a second reading. You should also remember that your business in reading or in conversation, especially on subjects of natural, moral, or divine science, is not merely to know the opinion of the author or speaker, for this is but the mere knowledge of history, but your chief business is to consider whether their opinions are right or not, and to improve your own solid knowledge of that subject, by meditation on the themes of their writing or discourse. Deal freely with every author you read, and yield up your assent only to evidence and just reasoning on the subject. In the compositions of men, remember you are a man as well as they; and it is not *their* reason but *your own*, that is given to guide you when you arrive at years of discretion, of manly age and judgment. The best way to learn any science is to begin with a regular system, or a short and plain scheme of that science well drawn up into a narrow compass, omitting the deeper and more abstruse parts of it, and that also under the conduct and instruction of some skillful teacher. After you are grown well acquainted with a short system or compendium of a science, which is written in the plainest and most simple manner, it is then proper to read a large regular treatise on that subject, if you design a complete knowledge and cultivation of it; and either while you are reading this larger system, or after you have done it, then occasional discourses and essays upon the particular subjects and parts of that science may be read with the greatest profit.

EMILINE.—The poem to which you refer is quite noted in certain quarters. It is certainly beautiful, and as strong a plea for "indolence" as can be made for anything not in itself commendable. We here give it entire:—

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent.
  So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
  So is the violet, fragrant and lowly;
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content;
  So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
  Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent! yes I am indolent!
  So is the cloud overhanging the mountain,
  So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its eloquent psalm;
  Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
  Silent as blossoms the night dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent!
  If it be idle to gather my pleasure
  Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
Midnight and morning, by forest and sea;
  Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
  Lonely in autumn's forlorn lamentation,
Hopeful and happy with spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! are ye not indolent?
  Thralls of the earth, and its usages weary;
  Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling and sinning to heap up your gold.
  Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion,
  Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold!

Indolent! indolent! art thou not indolent?
  Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
  Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost!
  Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
  O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent?—Art thou not lost?

A LADY OF PROPERTY, who has often to read legal documents, is much perplexed by such terms as vendor, vender, vendee, assignor, assignee, mortgager, mortgageor, mortgagee, &c., &c., &c., and she wants to know if there is any rule or system that will help her to remember what these terms mean, and enable her to distinguish between the *ors*, *ers* and *ees* of the same class? Yes. In nouns of a legal meaning, those ending in *er* or *or* have an *active* signification, and denote the person *by* whom something is done or given; while those ending in *ee* have a passive signification, and denote the person *to* or *for* whom something is done, or to whom something is given. Thus, the vender or vendor (the spellings *er* and *or* are used indifferently, and mean the same thing) is the person who *sells* something, and the vendee is the buyer, or the party *to whom it is sold*. If you give anybody a mortgage on your house and lot, you are the mortgager or mortgageor, the maker of the mortgage, and the person to whom it is given, and for whose benefit it is made, is the mortgagee. A legator is one who bequeaths a legacy, and the legatee is the lucky person to whom the legacy is given. By remembering that the *er* or *or* party is the *actor*, or the one who *does* or *gives something*, and that the *ee* party is the one *to* or *for* whom the thing is done, or to whom the gift is made, you will avoid all perplexity in regard to the meaning of the terms.

A WIDOW'S HUSBAND.—We cannot help laughing at your predicament and at your "outrageous annoyances," although we are ready to admit that they must be "grievous to be borne." Such constant references, on your wife's part, to the incomparable excellencies of your predecessor, must "cut you up awfully," as you say they do, inasmuch as you "are so jealous and sensitive." But why not get rid of your jealousy and sensitiveness? It strikes us that, inasmuch as you have no hope of your wife's ever ceasing to sing the praises of her first husband, her *second* should learn to take the praise as pleasantly as though it were meant for himself. Or, perhaps, if you could rake up the memory of some old sweetheart, or *invent* a memory for the occasion, and play her off against husband number one, you might silence your spouse's irritating panegyrics upon the deceased. Or, why not draw consolation from them, by imagining that when you shall be under the sod, your wife will talk in the same enthusiastic manner about you, to her third husband.

HARD UP.—You had better continue with your present employer, at the reduced wages he is now paying, until you can find a sure chance to better yourself. A person who once gets fairly afloat without employment, at this season of the year, and during the prevalency of such hard times, will find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to get a situation, unless he possesses commanding abilities. The old proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread," should be constantly remembered now-a-days.

J. B.—Could you not get up half an hour earlier than has been your custom, and thus secure thirty minutes for exercise with the dumb-bells? You know the old adage—"Where there's a will there's a way."

THE DOCTOR.—Anchovy sauce is made from a small fish, about three inches in length, of the herring genus, that is found and caught in vast numbers in the Mediterranean. The fish is called the anchovy.

STELLA.—Our time is too precious to bestow it upon the reading and criticism of "verses." You say you "will give *any price* for our opinion." Well, what do you say to giving a thousand dollars for it?—which is no great sum down this way. Girls should learn to find out just what they mean, and then confine themselves to the briefest and clearest expression of it possible—and boys should do likewise. You also declare that you "would not care how severely we criticised your poems." There again you speak at random. Not one writer in a hundred can stand *criticism*. What they usually mean when they ask for criticism is—*praise*. And anything but praise they denominate "a personal attack," or "a malicious disparagement," or whatever else will answer as a poultice for their lacerated conceit.

JOCKO.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself for practicing deceit upon so good a father. Go to him at once, tell him the whole story, concealing nothing and exaggerating nothing, and then follow his advice. If you do not do this, you will regret it as long as you retain a spark of conscience or the least degree of self-respect.

PARSIMONY.—Your parents undoubtedly have good reasons for economizing their expenditures so severely at this time. Instead of complaining thereat, you should go to work and help earn your subsistence, and do all that is in your power to make the home-fireside cheerful and pleasant.

BEULA.—You had better break off the engagement. A young man who will persist in using indecorous language in the presence of females must have some unsafe characteristics which will be apt to develope into bad traits of character.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—The "professor" to whom you refer must have misunderstood your question, or else you did not catch the full import of his reply, for we are certain that so accomplished a scholar would not say that the terms *forefathers*, *progenitors*, and *ancestors*, mean *exactly* the same thing, and that there is not the *slightest difference* in the ideas or relations which they respectively express. By consulting any good authority on the subject you will learn that *forefathers* signifies our "fathers before us," and includes our immediate parents; that *progenitors* signifies those begotten before us, *exclusive* of our immediate parents; while *ancestors*, contracted from *antecessors* or those going before, is used when we wish to speak of those from whom we are remotely descended. *Forefathers* is a partial and familiar term for the preceding branches of *any* family; while *progenitors* is a higher term in the same sense, applied to families of distinction. In monarchic countries this distinction is always made by good writers, who speak of the *forefathers* of a peasant, but the *progenitors* of a nobleman. Furthermore, progenitors and forefathers, but particularly the former, are and mostly of individuals, and respect the regular line of succession in a family; while *ancestors* is employed collectively as well as individually, and regards simply the order of succession. We may speak of the "ancestors" of a nation as well as of any particular person; and the term may also be applied figuratively, as in the following instance (by Dr Young):—

"O majestic night!
Nature's great ancestor!"

By searching thoroughly into the derivation and etymology of these words and of their relatives, you will soon see clearly why these distinctions are made, and the exercise would be highly beneficial to you in many respects.

ALLEGHANY.—No. It is not fair, or honest, or Christian-like, to cheat in any kind of a trade. We know it is customary for men who pass for honest and upright people to conceal the defects and exaggerate the excellencies of goods, and horses, and houses which they wish to sell; but, notwithstanding this, we think that no really honest man would be guilty of deception under any circumstances whatever. No man can justly lay claim to honesty, who does not tell the truth, even though by so doing he injures his own interests; and there is no truth but the *whole truth*. Half the truth is oftentimes a downright falsehood, and he who knowingly stops short of setting forth the entire facts pertinent to a given case is guilty of lying. Dishonest men may squirm and writhe on these pointed statements as they please, but they cannot gainsay them. The fact is, there is far too little genuine honesty in the transactions of society, and especially among business men. The Son of Sirach says, "As a nail sticketh between the stones of a wall, so sticketh sin between buying and selling;" and it is the same now as it was thirty centuries ago, and we suppose it will be no better for thirty centuries to come.

HONORIA.—You are not the only woman who, in her girlhood, wasted many precious hours in "dabbling" in music and drawing, without the slightest benefit to yourself or anybody else. Hundreds and thousands of girls have done the same thing before you, and myriads will continue the same foolish practice hereafter. However, we do not totally condemn the elegant accomplishments of drawing and music; we condemn only the abuse of these accomplishments; we only wish that they should be considered as domestic occupations, not as matters of competition or exhibition, or yet as the means of attracting temporary admiration. One of the best motives that a woman can have to cultivate these talents after she marries, is the hope and belief that she may be essentially serviceable in the instruction of her family. And that she may be essentially serviceable, let no false humility lead her to doubt. She need not be anxious for the rapid progress of her little pupils; if she inspires them with a desire to excel, with the habits of attention and industry, they will certainly succeed, sooner or later, in whatsoever it is desirable they should learn.

HETTY HOMESPUN.—Let the foolish fop go. An honest country girl should know better than to fall in love with a city dandy. Suppose he should marry you? Could you grace his city home and bear your part among his fashionable relatives and friends? Of course you could not. You would be miserable in such a set. Nor could he properly fill a station in your home. He would be the but and laughing-stock of every plow-boy. Dry your tears, and marry some one of the fine young fellows of your neighborhood.

PALESTINE.—A thousand dollars would be an insufficient sum wherewith to undertake a journey to Greece, Jerusalem and St. Petersburgh. We cannot say positively that a man could not visit all those places at an expense not exceeding a thousand dollars, but we are quite certain that we should not feel safe to undertake the trip on less than three thousand. One is liable to many accidents and unlooked for expenses in traveling in strange countries.

ECLIPSE.—We do not know what a photograph of your horse would cost. Among those who paint the "likenesses of horses," the charge for a painting 22 x 27 or 24 x 32 varies from $30 to $50, according to the degree of finish desired. It will take the artist from ten to fifteen days to complete the picture, after he has seen and sketched the horse. Where more than one copy of the likeness is wanted, a reasonable deduction is made on the price of copies.

A YOUNG LADY writes us that she is twenty-four years of age, tall, well formed, considered handsome, of good disposition, thoroughly educated, and in want of a husband; and she wishes us to help her get a good partner for life. We shall not do it. The idea of a woman's addressing a stranger on such a subject is disgusting to us. Whenever such an instance occurs, we cannot help thinking the writer has a pressing reason for her haste to get married.

BRINSLEY OAKES.—You should wait until you are of age before marrying, especially as your parents are opposed to the match. Your father has a perfect right to interpose his authority while you are a minor, and especially while you depend on him for your daily food and your entire support. No one has a right to talk of "independence," who does not earn his own living.

WALTER.—The ichneumon is found in Egypt, Barbary, the south of Asia, and the Indian Islands. The orang-outang is found in Africa, and it is stated by some authorities that it is also native to southern Asia and to Australia.

N. P. R.—We do not know of any one who would buy your old coins. Perhaps by advertising you might find some one who fancies such things that would pay you many times their real value for them.

G. W. R.—Why not buy what gutta percha you want, instead of searching for a recipe for its composition and manufacture? It would cost you many dollars to make as much as you could buy for fifty cents.

O. P. Q.—We do not wish to make this or any other department of the LEDGER a registry of quack doctors. You had better avoid them altogether; and if you want medical aid or advice, apply to some reputable physician.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—The injudicious practice of bringing up girls above their expectations, which you so vehemently and justly denounce, originated in a common opinion that a good education is more valuable than a dowry—the sentiment being a good one, and the error consisting in a misapprehension of what constitutes a good education. No system of instruction can properly be denominated *good* which is not appropriate to those who receive it. It cannot be supposed that a washerwoman will serve her customers better for having learned to dance the polka or play upon the pianoforte, or that a mechanic will turn out better work for having wasted a year or two in obtaining a smattering of Latin and Greek. In this country, young women are always liable to an unfortunate change of circumstances, on which account the advantage of exercising well-ordered economy and of acquiring the art of managing the expenditure of the income in the most advantageous manner is apparent, and generally devolves upon the female partner, whose acquirements in youth should therefore be directed to objects of utility, in preference to those that are merely ornamental. Domestic duties stand distinguished as pre-eminently useful; a moderate situation requires that they should be performed in person, an avocation which cannot be judiciously discharged without considerable knowledge and attention. The art of economizing, and rendering all kinds of food as palatable and nourishing as possible, by different modes of cookery, will repay the mistress of a household for the investigation, and should indisputably form a part of the regular instruction of girls. To this, as they advance towards maturity, may profitably be added the knowledge of the value of all the necessary articles consumed in a family, whether for the table or the wardrobe, and the quantities of each which are requisite for their respective uses. As theory is of little avail unless exemplified by practice, they should be habituated to exercise the department of housekeeper under the inspection of their mother, not only by purchasing the different commodities wanted for the use of a family, but likewise by keeping an exact account of the domestic expenses, which will afford opportunities of teaching them a judicious application of money, and giving them distinct ideas, where frugality may properly be exerted, and where greater latitude may be allowed. Neither will some information concerning the use of domestic medicine, or kitchen physic, as it is called, be without its advantages, as well as skill in preparing broths and other things for the sick. The management of a sick-chamber, to the attendance of which women are so often called, should not be left to the uncertainty of inexperience: girls should be initiated in the best methods of alleviating the sufferings and contributing to the comforts of those who are indisposed. In forming a system of instruction for the daughters of persons who must depend upon their own industry and skill for a livelihood, a selection should be made of those studies which require the smallest consumption of time, and which are likely to contribute to usefulness. A grammatical knowledge of the English language, and an intimate acquaintance with the best authors who have excelled in history, biography, poetry, and morality, are indispensable. Simple mathematics are so advantageous in accustoming the mind to method both in reasoning and practice, that it is to be greatly desired that they may more generally compose a part of female education. Arithmetic especially, and the knowledge of book-keeping, should be taught fundamentally, as the means of contributing to the success of every business undertaken in case of necessity.

HERMANN.—The "trial by ordeal" was an ancient and now obsolete mode of trial in criminal cases, when a prisoner who pleaded not guilty, might choose whether he would put himself for trial upon God and his country, by twelve men, as at this day, or upon God only, and then it was called "the judgment of God," upon the presumption that He would deliver the innocent. Of the "trial by ordeal" there were two kinds; one by *fire*, the other by *water*. Those who were tried by the fire ordeal passed barefooted and blindfolded over nine hot glowing ploughshares, or were to carry burning irons in their hands, and accordingly as they escaped, they were judged innocent or guilty, acquitted or condemned. The water ordeal was performed in either hot or cold: in cold water, the parties suspected were adjudged innocent, if their bodies were borne up by the water, contrary to the course of nature; in hot water, they were to put their bare arms and legs into scalding water, and if they brought them out unharmed, they were adjudged innocent of the crime of which they had been charged. The fire ordeal was for freemen and persons of better condition; and the water ordeal for bondsmen and rustics. The "wager of battle" was altogether a different mode of determining the guilt or innocence of a party, and was only resorted to by knights and men of high degree. In this case, the accused or accuser demanded a resort to arms, and then the two parties met on an appointed day, and, in the presence of the immense concourse which such an event always drew together, fought till one or the other was vanquished or slain, and the one who conquered was adjudged to be in the right, and his defeated adversary was declared to have been in the wrong.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER says that several weeks ago he invited a certain young lady to accompany him on a pic-nic excursion that was soon to come off, and that his invitation was accepted. The day before the pic-nic he received a note from the young lady in which he was told that she had "altered her mind," and should not be able to accompany him. Mistrusting that all was not right, our correspondent set vigorously at work to investigate the mysterious affair, and, to his great indignation, learned that the "fair girl" had planned to go to the pic-nic with a man whom he had long suspected of being his enemy and rival. The injured Adonis at once determined on his course. At an early hour the next morning he armed himself with a cowhide, and took up a position that commanded a clear view of the front of his treacherous sweetheart's home. In a short time his rival drove up to the door with a "stunning" turn-out. Our correspondent rushed forward, and by the time the new-comer's foot touched the pavement he stood by his side, brandishing the cowhide. The interchange of greetings was but short and pointed before the combat began. Our friend soon discovered that he had been altogether too hasty in the matter, as he was no match for his rival, who wrested the cowhide from his hand, gave him a sound thrashing, and then rode off triumphantly with the young lady, who came out just in time to see the last half dozen blows administered. Our correspondent now wants to know "what he had better do about it?" Our opinion is that he had better keep still, or else secretly take lessons in boxing until he is quite assured that he will be able to flog his rival, and then call on him for an "explanation."

A FRIEND.—Tipping & Crum, of your city, should not charge six and a quarter cents for the LEDGER. Five cents is the utmost price that should be asked for it in any section of the Union, and we are glad to know that, with some half-a-dozen exceptions, the newsdealers throughout the country act in accordance with this fact. Hereafter, we will send the LEDGER by mail to places where more than five cents is charged for it.

ARDENT LOVER.—You should increase your income before taking to yourself such a lovely and accomplished wife as you mention. A thousand dollars a year, though it does very well for you alone, would not be enough to support an educated couple of refined tastes in this city, or in its suburbs. "Refined tastes" are costly characteristics.

B. A. K.—When you go with the young lady to get the daguerreotypes, pay for both of them, without saying anything to her in regard to the price of them. Do not refer to the subject at all. It is always awkward to talk about such matters under such circumstances. The pleasantest and politest way is to say nothing.

ISABEL CARLTON.—Do you wish us to understand that you offer yourself for sale. If not, why do you send such a catalogue of your beauties and "fine points?" Our advice to you is, that you attend regularly to your devotions, eat plain food, avoid all spices, and drink nothing warmer than ice-water.

N. M. L.—The Vatican is a magnificent palace in Rome, for the Pope and his Cardinals. It is so named, because it is built on the Vatican hill. The "thunders of the Vatican" is a phrase applied to the anathemas and bulls of the Pope, which are dated at, and issued from, the Vatican palace.

JUDITH.—The best way to find your brother would be to advertize for him in the leading journals of New York, London, and Paris. You would be justified in extending to him sympathy and aid, notwithstanding the tyrannical commands of your guardian.

HEIR-AT-LAW.—Perhaps a copy of the will which you are so sure was executed, can be found among the papers of your uncle's old solicitor.

N. L. S.—The measure which Milton chose is the best for blank verse; but if you do not think so, you are at liberty to choose any measure you please.

DESERTED.—You can, of course, prosecute your faithless wife for bigamy; but in seeking to punish her, will you not inflict an irreparable injury upon your children?

POEMA.—Please save your postage stamps, and not annoy us with any more unsought for and unwished for contributions.

CITY HALL.—If you are in haste to get a judgment, and the claim does not exceed $500, bring the suit in the Marine Court.

JUSTICE.—If you have good proof, sue the deceiver for breach of promise; if not, let him go. You are incompetent to determine the matter without the aid of counsel.

EVANGELINE.—Your children will receive no harm from reading fairy tales, "Mother Goose's Melodies," the "Arabian Nights," and similar works.

JOBOLOMAN.—All we know about real estate in Brooklyn is that it is very low. Now is a good time to buy such property.

WILLIAM THE NORMAN.—You can obtain the information you desire in any good history of Greece.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*